

The TATLER

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London, January 28, 1931

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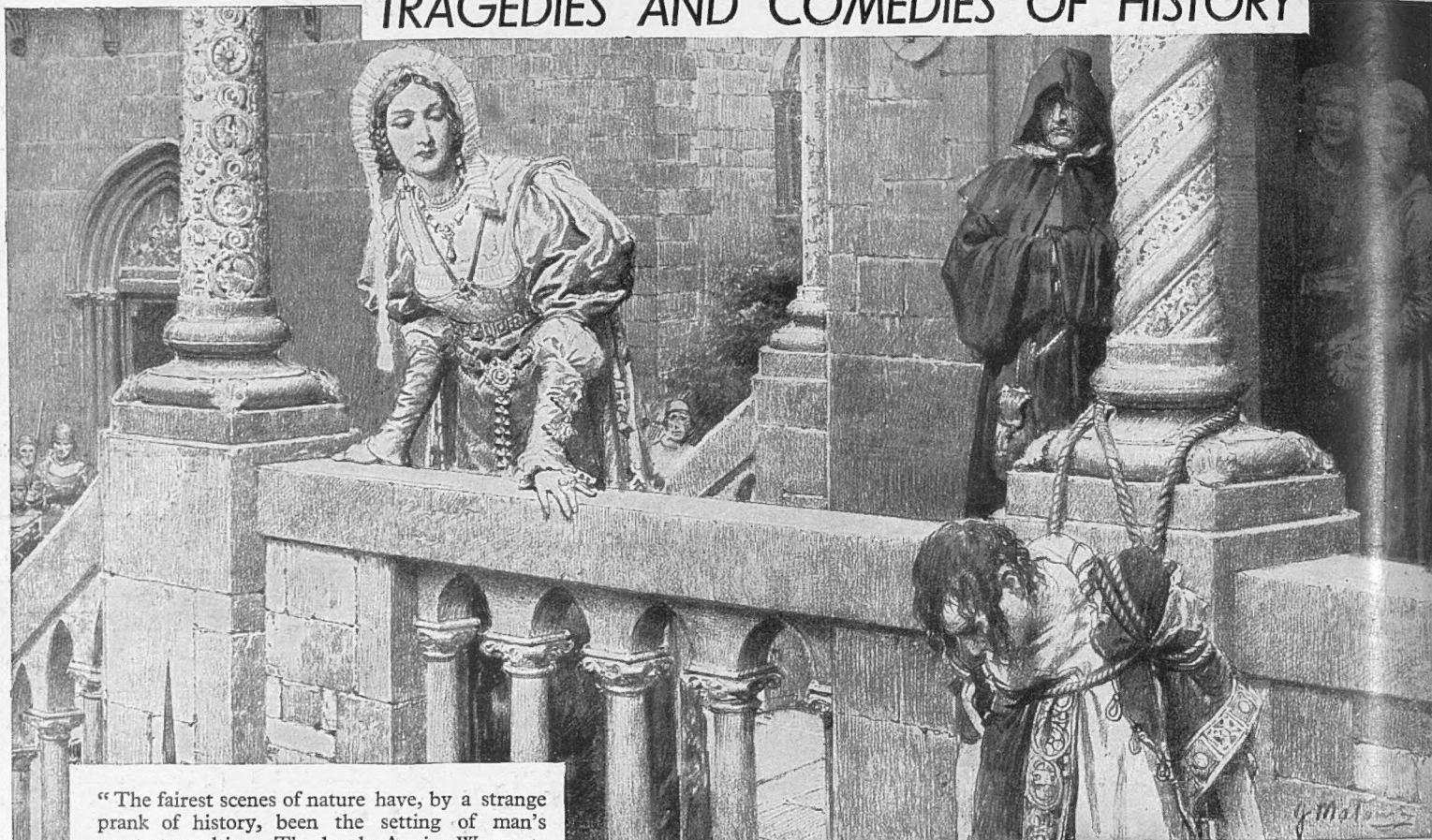
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IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

- "PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GANGSTER" by C. Patrick Thompson
- "EVERYWOMAN" Part I; By May Edginton
- "BERLIN AFTER DARK" by Negley Farson
- SOCIETY IN CARICATURE by Auatori
- "STRAIGHT FROM PRISON" by Christine Jope-Slade
- "THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS" by Arthur Mills
- "SHOULD MEN TAKE THE BLAME . . . ?" by Rosita Forbes
- "WHEN FREDERICK LONSDALE WAS BROKE" by William Pollock
- "EMA, EMA, E" by Beatrice Grimshaw
- "TELEVISION" by Hannen Swaffer
- "THE EXPANSION OF SCREEN SCOPE" by Sydney Tremayne
- "DESERT BRED" by Achmed Abdulla
- "BOOKS" by Arnold Palmer
- "THE GERMAN GIRL—AND HER GRANDMOTHER" by Jan and Cora Gordon
- "THE RED FLAG": THE DRAGON WAKES, by F. Britten Austin
- "PARISIANA" by H. Pearl Adam
- WHAT IS BEING WORN IN LONDON TO-DAY BY THE REALLY SMART WOMAN
- "YOUR PEN GIVES YOU AWAY" by Robert Saudek
- "THE LADY ON THE SCALE" by C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne

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The TATLER

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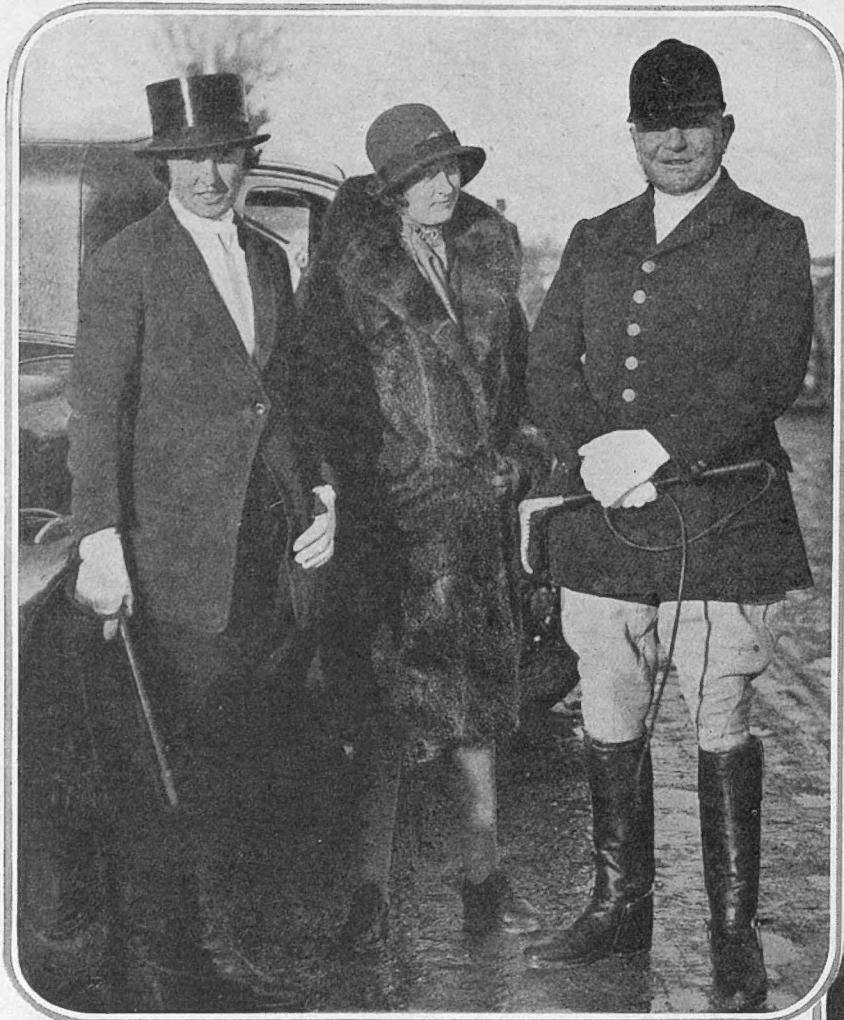
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MR. RONALD COLMAN AND HIS SEALYHAM

Kenneth Alexander

A new portrait study of the famous film star, who, though he has done all his screen work in America, is an Englishman born and bred, and served in the London Scottish during the European War. Mr. Colman will be thirty-four on February 7, and there are certain to be cheerful celebrations of this event at Hollywood, where he has an army of friends. "The Rescue," which was made in 1928, was his first individual starring picture, and "Bulldog Drummond" was the medium for his admirable début in the talkies. London next had very satisfactory sight and sound of him in "Raffles," and his newest picture is "The Devil to Pay," written specially for him by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, and lately completed at Hollywood. In this production, already showing in New York, the story concerns the adventures of the "black sheep" son of an English peer, and in order to avoid "gaffes" in atmosphere and English manners which sometimes creep into films, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn employed Lady Maureen Stanley as technical supervisor



IN COUNTY LIMERICK

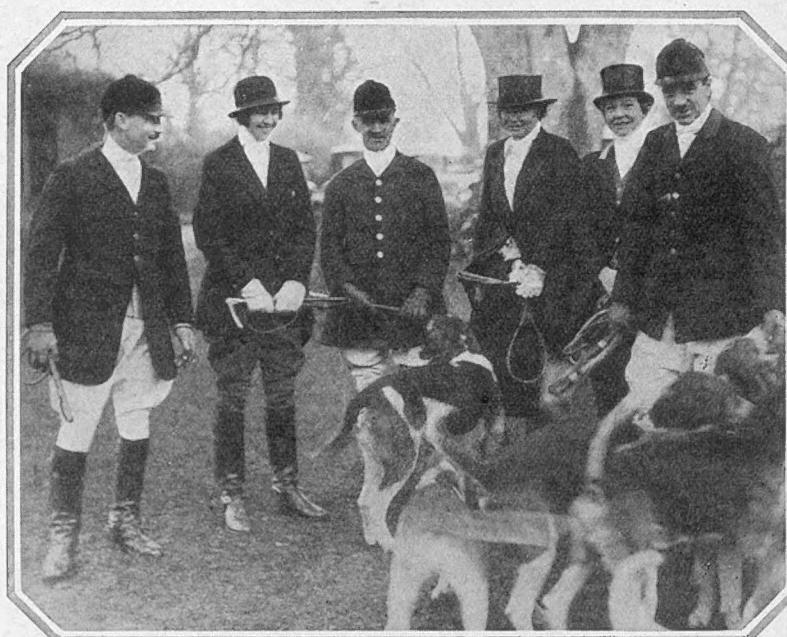
O'Brien

Lady Dorothie Moore, Mrs. Persse, and Mr. H. S. Persse, M.F.H., at the Four Elm meet of the Limerick. Mr. Persse has been Master of these hunts since 1928, for the first two seasons jointly with Mr. A. D. Pollok. Unfortunately "Atty's" name is included in the long list of resigning M.F.H.'s. Lady Dorothie comes from the adjoining Tipperary country

GROSVENOR SQUARE,
W. 1.

THE Grantham Ball being always in the first rank of traditional annual events I intend, my dear, to give it precedence in this week's letter. Though not actually a hunt ball, it takes the place of that earmarked for the Belvoir. Of the shire packs the Cottesmore is actually the only one that has a dance to itself, the Melton Mowbray dance being a composite gathering which is supposed to embrace the three converging hunts.

This year the Grantham Ball had a special significance, as it marked the coming out of Lady Caroline Paget. In honour of the occasion there was a house party at Belvoir Castle. This included



WITH THE EAST GALWAY AT BELLEISLE

Poole, Dublin

The famous portraitist with a picture of Sir James Dunn, on which he has lately been working. Mr. John spent many weeks in County Galway last summer, and is now to be found basking in Riviera sunshine.

From left to right: Mr. Read, M.F.H., Mrs. Read, Mr. G. Webb, M.F.H., Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Waller and Major A. G. Waller, M.F.H., the East Galway. Belleisle, Major Waller's home on the banks of the Shannon, is in the Ormond and King's County country, and this Hunt gave the East Galway a special invitation to meet there. Mr. Read and Mr. Webb are Joint Masters of the Ormond, one of the oldest Hunts in Ireland

The Letters of Eve



MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A.

Miss Anne Charteris, another debutante of the evening, and her pale-blue flouncey frock was a very good garment for the purpose. Of all the people there no one could possibly compete in appearance with the Duchess of Rutland, who looked quite lovely in white satin and a tiny scarlet velvet coat, which was little more than a pair of long tight sleeves with a deep collar to match. The effect was undefeated when combined with one of the biggest diamond tiaras I have ever seen. Lady Anglesey was the only other wearer of this becoming ornament. As the mother of the most important feature of the evening she was anxious that Lady Caroline should enjoy herself as much as possible. As far as her appearance went there should have been no qualms.

"I shall be all right as long as you don't look at me" suggested a shyness which is a pleasant change from youthful assurance.

* * *

More than every other dress was white. Lady Brownlow, who had done a lot of organizing towards the evening's success, wore one, and looked so small and slim as to be almost ethereal. One's impression was that only the weight of her diamond bracelets kept her from disappearing into thin air.

Plenty of particularly good-looking people were there. Miss Ruth Crossley, dark and handsome, had come from Cheshire; Miss Cecilia Ellice's lovely red hair quite baffles description; and Mrs. Johnny Player was one of the few wearers of black;

in her case it was more than justified. The few colours visible were exhibited by Miss Diana Fellowes, who was in backless blue velvet, and Miss Elizabeth Harrison, in hunting red.

The polka and the waltz are now firmly established in Hunt Ball programmes, but the poor lady who was first precipitated into the drum and then pulled over in the reverse direction must deplore the revival of these old-fashioned customs.

Mrs. Paravicini gave a small dance the next night to wind up the week, and the marvellous skill of her two daughters on

summer's day. Later on the atmosphere gave a good imitation of an imminent thunder-storm so tropical did it become. But the fact that the party lasted till about five a.m. spoke for its success. Green beer was the drink of the early morning to emphasize the fashion for queer-coloured beverages. It would hardly have been surprising to find bees' knees or swallows' nests on the menu, so superlative were all arrangements, and the cabaret was *en suite*.

All Meltonia was there and Lord and Lady Londonderry brought daughters and friends. Miss Ulrica Thynne was one of the prettiest people present. She originally went up to hunt at Melton until Christmas, but has made so many friends there that her family will find it hard to get her home to Sussex. Miss Marjorie Leigh's hair and tanned skin suggested basking in sunny countries rather than a winter spent in Leicestershire. Miss Molly Gretton, Mrs. Colin Buist, and Mrs. Michael Hornby featured in a list which could be added to indefinitely. Of the men, Lord Knebworth, Major Harbord, Lord Sefton, and Mr. Tommy Graves were a few who were putting their feet to the floor to good purpose.

LADY CROSFIELD AND CAPTAIN COLE

Photographed on the new courts at Cannes, where an International tournament was lately held. Sir Arthur Crosfield's wife is an ardent supporter of the games, and frequently takes part successfully in competitive tennis

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* * *

Brows, as we know, are being worn a good deal higher this year, and presuming that yours has followed the prevailing fashion, I propose for the moment to divert your attention from purely social activities in favour of matters requiring more intelligence.

You may or may not have heard of the "English Porcelain Circle." It was founded a few years ago by a small band of enthusiasts and now embraces among its seventy members most of the leading collectors and authorities on English china, including the Keepers of Ceramics both at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum. This company of experts has busied itself making research into the history of the English porcelain factories of the eighteenth century, and as a result an enormous amount of very valuable information has been obtained.

* * *

The Circle holds monthly meetings during the winter, and not long ago Dr. and Mrs. Bellamy Gardner invited members to meet at the London Museum. Dr. Gardner is one of the greatest connoisseurs of Chelsea china, and everyone

(Continued overleaf)



LAST WEEK'S BIG WEDDING

The Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, eldest son of Lord and Lady Boyne, and his bride leaving St. Margaret's. Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney's daughter wore a simple satin gown which suited her admirably, and set a new fashion with the diamond brooch which fixed her long tulle veil at the nape of her neck. After the ceremony the vast number of guests proceeded to Chesterfield House, which Princess Mary had lent for the reception

the piano and the drums was a revelation to those who had not heard of their talents. These most certainly deserve to be noised abroad. An additional attraction was the pink champagne supplied.

* * *

And then Rockingham. Goodness gracious, what a beano! Mr. and Mrs. Victor Emmanuel certainly do things well when they set out to entertain, and between four and five hundred people were determined not to miss a good thing. The garden scenes were very convincing, with clipped hedge effects and rustic nooks as seen on a hot



NEW RÔLES FOR HUNTING PEOPLE

Lord Willoughby de Broke, M.F.H. (left), with Miss Muriel Kirkpatrick and Mr. Donald Davies in "The Sport of Kings," given with success at Kineton by members of the Warwickshire Hunt. Lord Willoughby is Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, who provide as good sport as the most captious kings could wish for

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

listened with absorbed attention while he read a paper on the botanical subjects painted on early Chelsea porcelain plates, tracing its connection with the beautiful engravings and drawings illustrating the vast botanical collections made by Sir Hans Sloane which now belong to the nation. A most illuminating evening. Several members of the English Porcelain Circle are also concerned with the National Art Collectors' Fund, and next night saw them at Burlington House, where a soirée was held in honour of the Persian Exhibition.

* * *

There was no great temptation to linger long at Lingfield, as the cold was considerable. Though the rain kindly forebore the ground was plenty wet enough and the going very heavy. Winners were most difficult to find, Amberwave's performance being particularly disappointing, and the series of fatal accidents to horses caused a wave of depression in the paddock. This latter was full of local celebrities. Lady Camden was being escorted by her son, Lord Roderick Pratt, and her daughter, Lady Fiona, was also to be seen, most wisely and successfully dressed in a short fur coat and bérét. Major Larnach-Nevill, M.F.H., the Eridge, and his son were giving the horses hopeful attention. Lady Butler is a comparative newcomer to the neighbourhood, and Major and Mrs. Leveson-Gower came from their lovely house, Titsey Place. In the summer this is the scene of many cricket matches, and large house parties collect for the occasion.

* * *

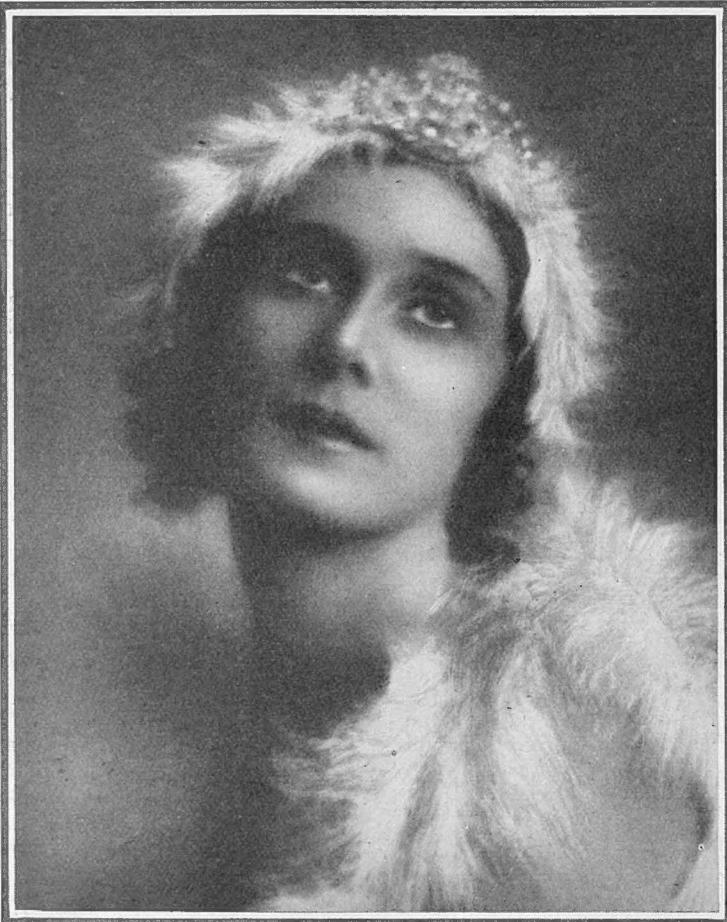
Mrs. Samuel Courtauld works harder to give pleasure to her friends and the London public than any woman I know. Not only does she entertain lavishly in her perfect Adam house in Portman Square, but she also provides and arranges the programmes of concerts at the Queen's Hall, as well as taking a great interest in the Gate Theatre. And she and her husband have enriched the nation by presenting many modern masterpieces to the Tate Gallery.

I saw her at the Queen's Hall the other night in a haze of white fox fur listening attentively to Herr Schnabel's magnificent rendering of the carefully selected concertos which formed the programme. If it were possible, this second series of concerts arranged by Mrs. Courtauld looks as if it was going to be even more popular than the first season for which she was responsible. At any rate, all the seats are sold out before each performance, and many were reserved for the whole of the present series as long ago as the beginning of last spring.

* * *

Can you deal adequately with Welsh tongue-twisters? If not, you will have no idea how to pronounce Pentyrch, so I had better be on the safe side and suggest "lurk" as a possible rhyme to the last syllable. Having completed your education in this respect, I will proceed to tell you about the Pentyrch Hunt Ball. It was held at the Park Hotel, Cardiff, and those people who tried to count the masks and brushes upholstering the walls soon gave up the attempt in despair.

* * *



AND SO THROUGH THOSE DARK GATES
ACROSS THE WILD THAT NO MAN KNOWS"

The late Madame Anna Pavlova, whose death at the Hague last week, after four days' illness, was an International loss. Her fame as a dancer had reached the ends of the earth and her countless friends will not easily forget her appealing and vital personality.

After this digression a cast back to the Hunt Ball brings me to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Evans, whose delightful house near Pentyrch is packed with fine old "pieces" of rare china and silver. They also possess the happy gift of being a perfect host and hostess. It would be nice to know where Mr. Evans gets the enviable pink-striped shirts which have given rise to his nickname of "Tom Pink."

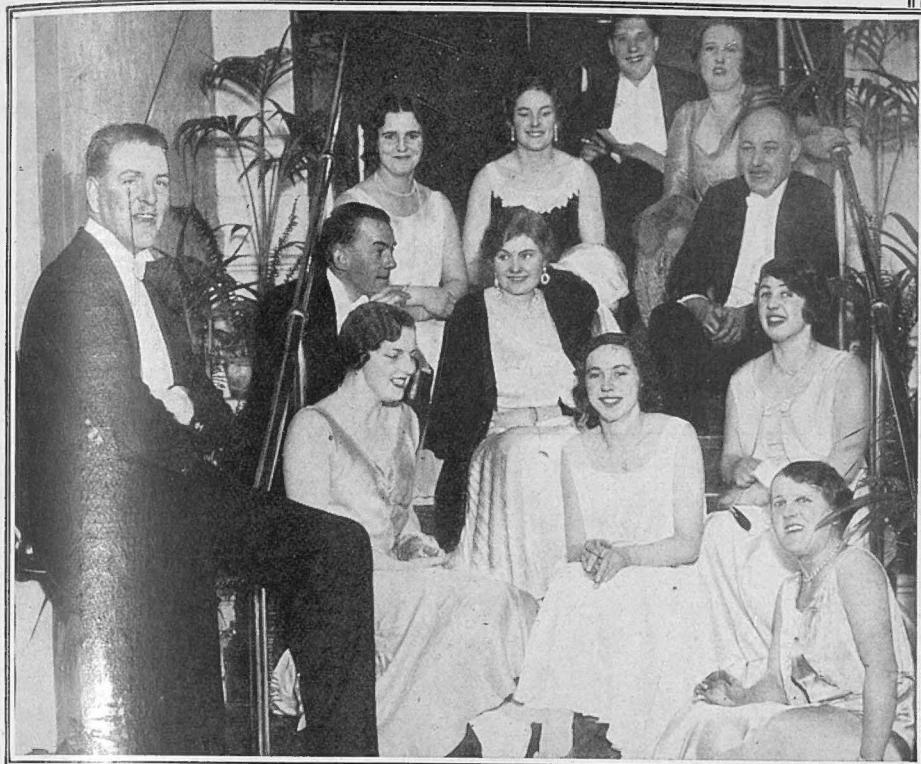
Mrs. Whitwell looked extremely well in the palest apricot, her long gloves topped with red to match her lovely beads. She hardly ever misses a day's hunting, and anyone who can keep with her is certain of a leading position. Mr. W. D. Thomas from the Llangibby country was there, and so were Mrs. Duncan, Dr. and Mrs. Joyce, and Mr. and Miss Waldron. The Chestnut Troop at Newport and the dépôt of the Welch Regiment contributed several supporters, and with Major and Mrs. Lyttelton came pretty Mrs. Keith Dawson, who used to be Miss Anne Bromhead. She is a niece of Lady Birdwood, and most people who have been in India during the past two or three years will remember her at Flagstaff House, Delhi.

* * *

There are various features of the Pentyrch Hunt which I find particularly interesting, so perhaps you will too. One is that the huntsman, Jack Evans, is an ex-miner, and came to this difficult country straight from the pits. He is a marvel at the job, and to see his hounds fly to him completely refutes the theory, held by a good many people, that all Welsh hounds regard any assistance from mere man as an insult. He always speaks to them, by the way, in their native tongue.

Jack and his whipper-in wear brown tweed coats, white breeches, and black field boots, a serviceable kit for a country where you may have to ride, climb, crawl, or swim. Of the obstacles to be encountered, a disused mine-shaft half-covered with brambles may lie in wait for the unwary, and precipitous ascents and descents have to be negotiated. But it is well worth while, just to hear the music of this pack and watch them using their irreproachable noses.—Good luck to them, and love to you, Eve.

A VARIED SELECTION



AT THE DERWENT HUNT BALL: MAJOR JACK SHAW AND PARTY, INCLUDING MISS BALDWIN, MISS M. SHAW, MISS KITCHING, MISS DOWNING, MR. AND MRS. TWEEDIE, MR. PILKINGTON, MRS. HOLT



Photograph by Victor Hey
ANOTHER DERWENT BALL GROUP: Including Captain Renwick, M.F.H., Mr. G. Unwin, M.F.H., Mrs. Unwin, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Caine, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Oates, Colonel Huntriss, Captain and Mrs. Dimoline, Captain and Mrs. Chubb, Mr. E. and Mr. L. Renwick, Miss Harrap, Mrs. Hurt, Miss Wild, Miss M. Oates



AT MONTE CARLO: SIR WALTER AND LADY DE FRECE IN THE SUN



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE VISITING PALM BEACH



AT ST. MORITZ: MRS. GWYN REID WALKER AND SIR IAN WALKER

The stairs at the Prince of Wales's Hotel, Scarborough, provided the camera with plenty of victims while the Derwent Hunt Ball was in progress. These two groups feature personalities from the Sinnington and Staintondale countries, as for instance Captain Renwick and Mr. Unwin, who are the Staintondale Joint Masters, and Mr. J. C. Oates, who is the Hunt Secretary. Major Jack Shaw is a popular member of the Sinnington. Miss Baldwin was dance secretary jointly with Colonel Huntriss, and this proved an excellent arrangement. Sir Walter de Frece and his wife, whom London remembers gratefully as Miss Vesta Tilley, are generally to be found at the Riviera at this time of the year. Miss Gertrude Lawrence's private life in Palm Beach concerned itself with a shopping tour of Worth Avenue. Mrs. Gwyn Reid Walker, Mr. J. Reid Walker's daughter-in-law, is a cousin by marriage of Sir Ian Walker, the owner of Osmaston Manor in Derbyshire. They have been members of a big party at St. Moritz

The Cinema

READERS OF THE TATLER will probably remember the Open Letter which I ventured to address to Mr. E. A. Baughan on this page a fortnight ago. Mr. Baughan has now replied in "The Era," and I shall not be shy of suggesting to readers that both letter and reply should be handed down the ages as an example of how such a controversy should be conducted. Mr. Baughan writes of the film:—"I hold that this new medium for dramatic expression must be judged as a new and separate art. Whether it is an enemy of the stage or not does not really matter. Why should it matter to you or me?" Precisely. The whole point of my letter was that Mr. Baughan—or his newspaper for him—sought to prove in the first number of that paper's rejuvenation, close kinship between these two sister arts, and mutually destructive business propositions. The whole trouble, of course, is that "The Era," having existed on the theatre and music-hall for something like a hundred years or so, now sees those two institutions supplanted in popular affection by the cinema. This, of course, does not affect the forty theatres of London's West End, which remain open, are alleged to flourish, and occasionally do. But the fact that in every town of any prominence throughout the country, one, and sometimes two, theatres have been turned into cinemas is proof that the English theatre outside London is virtually dead. There are—God help us and them!—the repertory theatres, and what those are like a visit to, say Hartlepool, will prove. But even those repertory theatres are few and far apart. The cinema may not have dealt the theatre and music-hall their death-blows, but it has undoubtedly given, and is still giving them some astonishing kicks in the pants. "The Era," quite naturally, sees no reason why it should not in the future exist on the cinema as in the past it existed on those other institutions, but even newspapers have a certain decency to preserve, and "The Era" obviously had to ask itself how it could pose as friend to the murderer and his victims as well. The obvious solution was to pretend to the murderer that he was no murderer at all, and to the victims that they were in the choicest possible company. They might be suffocating a little; something might be horribly tight about their throats; they were not perhaps getting very much breath. But that wasn't strangulation, oh dear no! That is why "The Era" in its first new number set out to prove that the cinema was the theatre's friend. I conceive it as perfectly easy to run a paper which shall preserve a critical attitude to the theatre and to the film, because criticism takes no account of commercial success or its opposite. But "The Era" has not within my recollection been a critical paper, since I have never read any article in it which did not cover with equal praise tragedians at the Wells and tumblers at Bootle. "The Era" has always been the actor's newspaper. Quite! It now wants to become the cinema-star's newspaper. Quite! But the actor, though nearly always a foolish fellow, is not quite a fool. He does see that the public which flocks to the cinemas to see the film star is not flocking to the theatres to see him.

It is here, I think, that we get to the whole crux of the question. There can be no doubt that the cinema now attracts every

Mr. Baughan's Reply By JAMES AGATE

evening many thousands of people who could otherwise have been found at the theatres. I agree with Mr. Baughan that the cinema has created a new audience which previously never went to the theatre. But I do not believe that any members of that audience have been encouraged by the films to go to the theatre, or that the cinema has in this respect paid back to the theatre what it has taken from the theatre. In so far as Mr. Baughan and I are both critics, I agree that the relations of cinema and theatre are not our affair. But they are supremely the affair of "The Era," which wants to live in amity with both, and can only do so by pretending that the two are friends. That is why "The Era" has to say to the theatre managers: "My dear sir, the film gentleman is not a burglar after your spoons. On the contrary, he has come into your house to help you to clean them!"

The one sure and certain way for a critic to get himself into trouble is to bother his head about anything else except being critical. That is one of the difficulties about British films.

Take, for example, Mr. Shaw's *How He Lied to Her Husband* at the Carlton. To begin with the film company, or the exhibitor, started off with a whopper big enough to put up the backs of reasonable people. They announced this as Mr. Shaw's first talkie, from which it was reasonable to suppose that Mr. Shaw had gone into the business of writing for the talkies, and that this was his first example. But nothing could be farther from the truth. *How He Lied to Her Husband* is a photographed version of a rather dull little play written by Mr. Shaw many years ago, and based by him, consciously or unconsciously, on a single witticism in an early comedy by Henry Arthur Jones. The picture is directed by Mr. Cecil Lewis, and I can only say that if I had been this picture's director I should, at the first sight on the made film of Miss Vera Lennox's wig, have destroyed the picture and begun all over again. Mr. Baughan denies that there is such a thing as a photographed play. Well, here is one. A few days later I saw another, *The Love Habit*, at the Plaza, and if it had not been for Mr.

Seymour Hicks it would have been quite unseeable. Mr. Hicks is an actor of something approaching genius. But here again the film is nothing more than a photograph of Mr. Hicks' acting. At the Plaza there was also shown *The Law Rides West*. Presumably in the good old silent days this would have been wildly exciting. But owing to the introduction of talk the action has to stop, and where there should be magnificent scenes of Indians scalping people with tomahawks and dancing round camp-fires we have now long dull passages of eventless dialogue. Mr. Richard Arlen deployed his familiar charm, and two children who played an important part in the story were quite sufferable and could certainly ride like the most grown-up of cowboys and cowgirls. There was a bridge between Mr. Hicks' French flippancies and Mr. Arlen's Wild Western extravagances in the shape of a song-scena, exclusive to the Plaza, entitled *Visions d'Or*. This was a series of spectacular friandises presumably inspired in part by the more static portions of *Ever Green*, and in part by the examples of sculpture in icing-sugar now on view at the Olympia Cookery Exhibition.



MISS MARILYN MILLER AND MR. LAWRENCE GRAY

In a scene from the new talking picture, "Sunny," which is now at the Leicester Square Theatre. Miss Marilyn Miller was a successful actress and dancer before she took to the films, and played the name-part in the stage version of "Sunny" in America. It will be recalled that "Sunny" had a protracted run at the London Hippodrome with Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Jack Buchanan in the leading parts

TO BE SEEN IN LONDON



"KISS ME TONY": MISS MARIE BURKE AS COUNTESS OLGA AND MR. DEREK OLDHAM AS CAPTAIN ANTHONY DARRELL AT DRURY LANE

"The Song of the Drum," the new musical and martial romance at Drury Lane, presents many magnificent spectacles, the scenes being laid in the East, and local colour lavishly provided. Mr. Derek Oldham, in superb voice, plays the young officer court-martialled and cashiered from his regiment (but reinstated of course in the end), who becomes embroiled with the enemy, and finally wins fame by saving the lives of his Colonel and his Colonel's daughter (Helen Gilliland). Miss Marie Burke as Countess Olga von Haultstein, a dangerous charmer, sings entrancingly, but not often enough. Miss Helen Gilliland is more than charming as Sheila McKenna, and London is delighted to welcome her back from America. "Folly to be Wise," at the Piccadilly Theatre, is a revue of the most entertaining nature, with Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Nelson Keys to give it a sparkling brilliance. Miss Mary Eaton contributes grace and charm to the dancing numbers, and the whole affair goes with a rare swing

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



MISS HELEN GILLILAND IN "THE SONG OF THE DRUM"



IN "FOLLY TO BE WISE": MISS MARY EATON AND GIRLS

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

An enormous crowd assembled at Quenby on Friday, and for about the first time this season hounds were able to draw Scraptoft, which was blank. A Botany Bay fox looked like running into Fernie country but lost his nerve and ran through a replica of the Hindenburg line into Skeffington Wood. A John o' Gaunt fox was chopped and another one lost after a bright start, while from Lowesby Spinney hounds were able to run but slowly till dark. The Cottesmore spent most of the Saturday round the Punch Bowl and Burrough Hill which, from its atmospheric condition, would seem an admirable place for a consumptive home. Our sincerest sympathy with Rob on the loss of no less than two horses in one day.

Monday was one of the best days of the season so far. Scent served all day and no one could have asked for more galloping and jumping or a better country to do it in. It is noteworthy that from the earliest days of history the barons always overrode the priests, and this precedent seems to be carried on by their female successors. The evening hunt from Hoby village to Welby Osiers was run at a cracking pace with fresh foxes getting up in every field.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNELMAN.—Heath was a litter brother by Quorn Crusoe. Both were good workers but neither won on the flags.

GUNMAN.—There is no close season for undertakers, but a fair stock should be left. The more you shoot the more you'll have.

From the Belvoir

Wednesday was stopped by a sudden sharp frost, but the thaw that night enabled the Children's Hunter Trials to be held on the Thursday. An excellent show this, and much appreciated, particularly the tea and flickers afterwards.

The Grantham ball on the Friday was a great success, and the meet next day being changed to the Castle a good many turned up with rather an invalid appearance, which they took the opportunity of putting right with a glass of port designed for such. A fox was quickly away from Saltburn, and few men, if any, have ever seen hounds run so fast. Tied to their fox, they ran into him in a shed just below Casthorpe after twenty minutes at five-furlong pace. Thereafter the faces of the field fell hole by hole as each succeeding covert was drawn blank till Staunton Grange provided a fox. The field, however, flashed over the line so badly that hounds, turning short, ran right away back to Normanton with only a handful with them. It is sad to know that the present partnership is to be dissolved, as Charles has resigned. To him we owe an enormous debt for the sport we've had and the pack he has bred. To Gordon, for taking on, single-handed, in such difficult times, we owe the strongest support.

From the Beaufort

All Beaufort foxhunters welcomed the decided thaw on Sunday, and hounds were able to keep their appointment at the Plough, Kington St. Michael, on Monday, and we had a very enjoyable day. The sharp twenty minutes from Draycot was great fun and afforded a lot of leaping. Scent has at last certainly improved, and this week can be voted a busy one.

Tuesday at Cherrington the biggest field of the season met. Master and hounds were on the go all day, and at times they ran quite fast on the grass, but oh, what a mob (on a lot of very fresh horses) for our F.M. to control.

Wednesday brought a black frost, and hounds hunted for a short time in Lower Woods, where the going was very tricky. In

the evening the rendezvous was Estcourt Park for the ball given to celebrate the coming-out of Arathea Lloyd, and all the county seemed to be there to enjoy an excellent party.

Thursday, Tom with the dog hounds had only a moderate day. The paper-chase for the young generation at Hazelton, Captain and Mrs. Herbert's place, was they say a great success, thirty-odd riders over a very nice course, and we congratulate Joyce on catching the hare, closely followed by the Bowles' Timmy and the host's younger daughter, who went the best.

Friday, Tolmarton, again a large field; hounds found immediately at Doddington, and were running all day, first in the Vale and then round Lyegrove-Cross Hands and accounted for a leash. We were all pleased to see the Gambriels hunting with us again, and hope their stud from America will carry them well.

Saturday, Rodmarton, and a gale; the foxes were very obliging, running up wind most of the day. A good hunt from Bradfield Wood, via Hare Patch to Dunby was great fun, and hounds were unlucky not to kill near Alderton. Another nice hunt followed in the evening from Cowage to near Surrendel, where hounds killed. Motto to those that missed the first hunt: Don't always go to Angrove for hounds to come and draw from their Rodmarton Venne, and let's hope it will teach 'em a lesson in future not to go to a likely draw!

From the Fernie

With the break up of the frost our Saddington meet was welcomed in brilliant sunshine. The remote village packed with cars and horses, the latter showing their keenness to be with 'em again after the week's idleness. Children on ponies were much in the picture; the little lady with George the hunt servant, sat her mount as born to the saddle. After a preamble round the Reservoir Spinnies the flag fell at John Ball. There was a rush to get off the mark, fresh horses snatching at their bridles took a field or two to get in-hand and fences coming thick were responsible for several empty saddles. A nice fifty minutes out to Shearsby finished by a right-hand ring at the Laughton Hills. An enjoyable day ended in the Bosworth country, the crafty customer from the Gorse taking us twice over to Walton Holt and effecting his escape. The hatless horseman was well in it, and "Frank" and "Mrs Charlie" came over some hairy places in real chasing form during the day. New Inn on Thursday brought out the survivors of the

O'Brien
IN THE FREE STATE

Captain Steward and Lieut.-Commander the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, Lord Dunraven's younger son, at Four Elm, when the Limerick met there. Captain Steward and his wife live at Rathkeale, in County Limerick, for the hunting season

Hunt Ball, both mounted and on wheels. We had many visitors, the Quorn blue collars of the fair sex standing out amongst others from various packs. Captain Beadon, with his nose-bag, managed to extract very gracefully a useful cap for the wire fund before hounds moved off. The Shangton fox went away ere the field realized his departure, then everyone was on edge to be in front as hounds ran to Tamboro. From there we mud-plugged round the Skeffington Vale on a bad scent but it gave the field time to recover frayed nerves. The best thing of the day was from Tamboro later, hounds hunting well to Stanton Wood, finishing at Noseley. It was pleasing to see that horse-lover and former rider to hounds, the Lady of the Ashlands, viewing the pack away from Tamboro. Her interest in matters hunting and the welfare of animals never languishes.

From Warwickshire

From Barton House Mrs. Perry provided us with jumping powder and a brace of foxes. With the first from Gravel Coppice hounds could do little, but number two from Flat Heath ran well, unfortunately getting to ground in the Heythrop country just beyond the Richardson's lovely house at Castleton.

(Continued on p. iv)



AT THE NATIONAL "SAFETY FIRST" ASSOCIATION DINNER—BY FRED MAY

Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, chairman of the Royal Commission on Transport, was the guest of honour at a dinner given at the Vintners' Hall by the National "Safety First" Association to the members of the Commission, whose work in connection with to-day's transport problems was lately completed. Many months have been spent in trying to evolve a satisfactory method of dealing with the ever-increasing army of traffic, and it will be interesting to see which, if any, of the suggestions embodied in the Royal Commission's published report will be adopted. Mr. Gordon Stewart was host at the dinner, and Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Transport, whose recent pronouncements in the House of Commons anent motor-coaches have aroused much discussion, was one of the speech-makers. Sir Henry Piggott is the Ministry of Transport official who was mainly responsible for the Road Traffic Act which has just come into force. His knighthood appeared in the New Year Honours List. Mr. Arthur Neal is a former Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport. Other distinguished diners were Lord Brentford and Mr. J. R. Clynes.



FRIENDLY ENEMIES

Participants in a Professionals v. Amateurs contest which was recently staged at Valescure. F. Pasquali and his partner, L. Orango, with Mr. Nigel Haig and Mr. P. Chester. Mr. Haig is the well-known Middlesex county cricketer

Miniatures of Life.

ONE of the most difficult situations to carry off successfully in life is to nurse a vital grievance while trying to assume an air as if nothing untoward were the matter at all. We have all of us been through that trying period and, I can swear, that all of us have failed. To hide a grievance is impossible, as impossible as to hide jealousy. Our manner at once becomes so terribly normal that the effect is completely unnatural. We are so busy pretending to be natural that our deliberation is as apparent as if we had burst into tears or scratched somebody's face which, in reality, is exactly what we want to do. But if that particular situation is difficult to carry off successfully, it is nothing to the exasperation felt by the person against whom we are nursing a grievance, especially when it is due to jealousy. In the end, it generally leads to a scene; after which the air is sometimes cleared. Until that moment, however, we are determined that no scene shall take place. We are too proud, too "hurt" to create anything so undignified. Besides, we keep telling ourselves that we don't care. Of course we don't care! Only we do want to do someone an injury, make them suffer, stab them in some vulnerable spot of their self-esteem. This alone will ease our feelings. And so two human beings go through that absurd preliminary which ends always in the anti-climax of tears or harsh words. The result is often ludicrous; yet it is one of life's more miserable moments all the same. In Miss Dorothy Parker's book, "Laments for the Living" (Longmans. 6s.), there is a clever little sketch of such a human episode. The young man has been paying a certain amount of attention to another girl. His fiancée, consumed by jealousy, is trying her best to prove how utterly indifferent she is to whatever he may do. He protests he doesn't care a hang for the other woman. She protests that she doesn't care a hang even if he does. He asks her what the matter is. She asserts that nothing is the matter; she never felt more contented with things-as-they-are. She asserts that certain people think the Other Girl quite pretty. He asserts that he doesn't agree with them. She cries that he simply must agree with them or he would not have flirted even

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

mildly with her. He cries out that he never flirted at all. She tells him to go back to her. He tells her he won't. She says she doesn't want him—wanting him all the time. He says he loves no one but herself, though of course there have been others. She calls him crazy, but she lets him kiss her and is happy. How ridiculous, she cries happily, to imagine that she would be jealous of such a creature as that Other Woman! He must be perfectly idiotic to have thought so! Well, we have all been through such scenes and acted them in much the same way. Such tragic moments they appeared at the time. So absurd when you look upon them, as most tragic moments associated with sex do appear from an ever-lengthening distance. Yet, part of life's tragic-comedy all the same. And it is life's tragic comedies which Miss Parker sketches so brilliantly in her book. For example, the "Big Blonde," the story of a plump, fair-haired, lazy, good-natured woman who had to go on and on being cheerful, being "good company," being a "good sport," because the kind of elderly men who "kept" her demanded this certain liveliness. And yet, how she yearned to indulge in melancholy and to have a good cry without some lover immediately leaving her flat, banging the door behind him, and declaring that she was about as cheerful as a "sad" cake! Again, the story of "The Wonderful Old Gentleman," the sketch of a father who appreciated most of all the daughter who did as little as she could for him and the son who did nothing, while treating casually his other daughter who was poor, but who loved him. Each little sketch is a miniature of life itself—short, pointed, well-written. A tiny looking-glass held up to the everyday things and to everyday people.

A Man's Childhood.

Seldom have I ever read a book describing the early years of childhood which was less sentimental, yet so vivid and so true as Hans Carossa's story, "A Childhood" (Secker. 6s.). This is a tale of extreme youth told without regrets, without romance, without falsely painting childhood as a kind of wonderful dream, with heaven clinging around infancy, clouds of glory, and all the rest of it. Practically nothing happens in the story which is of great moment. There are no big events or discoveries. Moreover—and thank goodness!—the author has not tried to write his book as he might have written it were he still about five years old. He simply tells us the story of his childhood, and the tale has no "frills," nor does it seek depressingly to give, so to speak, an insight into the child's psychology. The boy's parents, his school fellows, his school days, little pleasures, little sorrows; these make up the substance of the book. Just the placid, happy years of the childhood of a small German child. And "How dull!" I can hear you say. Yet, you are mistaken. The book has real charm; a charm which grows upon you as you read on and on. It is all very simple, but it is all curiously attractive. As the writer declares at the beginning: "The things one has loved and done in the first ten years of life one will always love and always do." And because "A Childhood" is the story of a very ordinary childhood, and perhaps a very ordinary child, it appeals to us, because we can see in the narrative a reflection of our own early years and of ourselves when we were very, very young. So it appears as if the book reopened some of the pages of our own life-story in the years when we were able to enjoy the present without looking either forward or backward. That true art of happy living which alas! we lose too soon.



LORD AND LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX

Another snapshot from Valescure, one of the most popular golf courses on the Riviera. Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's only brother, is Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod and Secretary to the Lord Great Chamberlain. He married Miss Rosamond Palmer as his second wife in 1923

(Continued on p. 136)

A GOING CONCERN

By George Belcher



First Lady: Yer leaving yer place, then, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown: Yes, I am—there's always somethink; but there, the somethink's everythink!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Adventures in Lonely Places.

Let me quote from the explanatory paragraph printed on the back of Mr. Leopold Ainsworth's interesting book, "A Merchant Venturer Among the Sea Gipsies" (Nisbet. 15s.); "From Moulmein to Singapore stretch the coasts of Burma and the Malay Peninsula. For more than 500 miles they are almost completely unknown to white men—and off them lie the islands of the Malay Archipelago. On the seas around these islands live the Sea Gipsies, a Malay people who pass nearly the whole of their lives waking and sleeping in their queer, primitive boats." Among these people Mr. Ainsworth lived and traded. He had a timber factory on Casuarina Island and practically ruled there, being the only white man on the island. His book is an extraordinary interesting account of the years spent in this unknown corner of the Far East. Some of the charm of it may be due to the fact that, although the writer lived there alone among these primitive natives, he never seems to have been bored by such a solitary existence, socially speaking. By which one may guess that the life suited him, that he loved it. And so he communicates to us some of this interest and much of his enthusiasm for such a curious existence. His book tells us of people and things which are practically unknown to most people and, because they are unknown, are consequently fascinating to read about. Among the queer stories he relates is one illustrating the strange immunity from pain and the firm belief in an after-life which belong to the native Chinamen. An execution of four men was taking place. Yet while one among them was being put to death the others, whose turn was to come next, spent the time smoking and laughing! It seemed to cause them nothing but amusement. They died as if death were but a prelude to a picnic. Which, indeed, was what they believed. There are any number of equally strange bits of information scattered throughout the book. As the reminiscences of an unusual life it is exceptionally well worth reading. It breaks fresh ground in real adventures.



Malcolm Blane.
Last minute diversion for guests of hostess whose husband had forgotten she was giving a party



was merely young and beautiful, and her tragedy—if tragedy it be—lay only in the perverted imagination of an over-sexed adolescence. As such she is interesting. Yet she moves us scarcely at all. Which is the story's big disappointment I suppose.

* * *

A Good Story.
H eroines never learn by example. The number of heroines who have gone into some beautiful lonely place with their lovers only to find disappointment are as sands on the seashore.

Ruth Brownslow, the heroine of Violet Boissard's novel, "The Land of Afternoon" (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.), did this, only to meet with the usual reverses. De Marcenay, a French aristocrat and an artist of genius (which facts should have warned her), was twice Ruth's age, but he was full of artistic impulses and had sentiments slightly embittered by experience (a perfect lure for all heroines). Ruth, however, was young and beautiful, and lived an unsophisticated life in a squalid Central American town, so there was no escape for her. Among the acute disillusionments which she experienced was the fact that de Marcenay was married. Happily Miss Boissard does not before the end kill off anybody who stands in the way of her heroine's ultimate bliss. For this reason and because the characterization is excellent, and the local colour unusual, "The Land of Afternoon" is a novel to be noted.

The "Lesser" Colette.

"The Gentle Libertine" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is not the best of the novels written by Colette. The heroine is rather tiresome. She was beautiful, and so did not get smacked as a plainer sister would doubtless have been chastised. As a young girl living in the neighbourhood of the Paris fortifications, she was secretly thrilled by the crimes of passion and violence which have made these districts so notorious. She yearned to be loved by an apache. Indeed, she wanted to be violated; not against her will, but after the necessary melodramatic struggle. In fact, she escaped from home one night in order to follow a young blackguard who, in her perfervid imagination, was lying in wait for her. The result being that, when she was carried home terrified and ill, the somewhat commonplace, worthy young man who loved her, married her in order to avoid further scandal. He believed her when she told him she had a lover

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GOOD DAYS WITH HOUNDS



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Ian Smith
SIR R. SPENCER-NAIRN, MISS ANNE GILMOUR, MISS SPENCER-NAIRN, AND MR. GILMOUR ALSO AT KILCONQUHAR HOUSE



WITH THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE: MAJOR J. WHITTAKER, M.F.H., MRS. PRITCHARD GORDON, MRS. DICK WARNER, MR. A. A. SIDNEY VILLAR, AND MISS COHEN



Bale
WITH FERNIE'S: MISS WREY, MISS AINSWORTH, LADY JONES, AND MRS. ARCHIE DOUGLAS

The ban, which frost, snow, and fog recently laid on hunting, having now been removed, people are once again playing the game of their hearts with the greatest vigour. The Fife Hounds met not long ago at Kilconquhar House, the home of the Master, Lord Lindsay, and everyone who could manage it put in an appearance, for both Lord and Lady Lindsay are extremely popular. Sir Ralph Anstruther, whose Fife fastness is Balcaskie, is H.M.'s Lieutenant for the county and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of Scotland. Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, another local light, is the brother of Sir Michael Nairn of Elie House. His daughter Kathleen is eighteen this year. Miss Anne Gilmour and her brother are the children of Sir John Gilmour of Montrave. The South Shropshire group was taken when hounds were at Winsley. Major Whittaker, the Master, is, to everyone's regret, resigning at the end of the season. Mrs. Dick Warner's husband is Deputy-Master. Leicestershire knows Mr. Sidney Villar well, and Miss Cohen is a niece of Major J. B. B. Cohen, the M.P. for the Fairfield Division of Liverpool, who lost both legs in the Great War. The fourth snapshot materialized at New Inn, Fernie's fixture after their Hunt Ball. Miss Wrey is the step-daughter of Major Godfrey Heseltine, who frequently describes her, with good justification, as a Wrey of sunshine.

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART



MISS WINIFRED BROWN

Chadwick

The first woman winner of the King's Cup admiring "The Evening World" Trophy presented to her by Sir Joseph Reed at the annual dance of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Aero Club. The cup is awarded for the best handicap time from Hanworth to Newcastle. Left to right: Mr. E. R. Adams, who is Miss Brown's navigator, Miss Winifred Brown, Sir Joseph Reed, and Captain J. N. Boyd, the popular chairman of the Club

Schneider Trophy.

SUDDENLY and without the least warning the Air Ministry has become economical. It has, with unctuous nobility, decided that in order to save the nation's money it will not give any assistance to running the Schneider Trophy Seaplane Race this year. The cost in 1929 was about £80,000, and it is said that the country cannot afford that again in 1931. There is no dispute about the facts that winning the Schneider Trophy has improved our prestige abroad, raised our aeronautical *esprit de corps* at home, enabled our manufacturers to export aviation material at prices which certainly do not compare unfavourably with foreign ones, and resulted in the design and production of a valuable new type of engine and of service aircraft definitely superior in performance to all others. Yet the Air Ministry cannot afford £80,000 spread over two years, or £40,000 a year for these things. It cannot afford £40,000 a year to keep Great Britain aeronautically ahead of her competitors.

Economy is admirable in a Government department, and if the Air Ministry were merely giving a lead to other departments I should have no adverse criticism to make. But other departments have no intention of following its example! So while we can afford to spend hundreds of thousands upon mobile and immobile, male and female police to clutter up the roads and the night-clubs, while we can afford to spend tens of thousands yearly upon censors so that the ears and eyes of those who have been through the most brutal and bloody war in history shall not be offended by films showing "scenes of coarseness and brutality" (bah! the nauseating mock purity of it), while we can afford to maintain watch committees and municipal councillors who spend their time and our money having French comic songs translated, while we can afford to spend hundreds of thousands in the administration of obsolete and ridiculous gaming laws, we cannot, so we are assured, afford to spend £40,000 a year on the Schneider Trophy Race. It may be true that the manufacturers do not like the race. They like only its results. But the value of the race is greater than the purely commercial considerations indicate. It is the cheapest, the most genuinely economical means of improving our Service aircraft and engines. For a bi-annual expenditure of £80,000 the Royal Air Force obtains a return at least equal to £500,000 in better machines and extended research knowledge and high-speed flying experience. Commercial flying also benefits though less directly.

The inference is that Lord Amulree and Mr. Montague have not been strong enough to stand against the Treasury, while the heads of the larger departments have. The need in aviation is for a strong Air Minister like Sir Samuel Hoare. Even Lord Thomson, not so strong a man but with a flare

for understanding what aviation wanted, would have made a fight for it; but not so the present Air Ministry, and we may see no Schneider Trophy this year or any more in this country.

King's Cup.

The new regulations for the King's Cup Air Race exclude most of the pilots who have taken part in the race in the past and confine it to amateurs. It is a bold experiment, but it will reduce the spectacular value of the race to nothing, and will leave us without a single event of first-class importance in this country. Moreover, Royal Air Force Officers who are amateur pilots for the purpose of the regulations gain a distinct advantage. The course is 1,000 miles, and all machines entered must be capable of more than 80 m.p.h. This filleting of the King's Cup Race makes it all the more desirable that the Aerial Derby should be revived.

Club news is more cheerful than racing news. An excellent club house is being erected as the headquarters of the new Reading Aero Club. This club is to be run separately from the Phillips and Powis School, but members are being recruited from school pupils. The Earl of Northesk has consented to become the President of the Club. The membership is already about 120, and it is expected that it will increase to about 500 in the near future. The school did remarkably well during the year, and trained twenty pupils for their "A" licences and did 1,731 hours' flying. The prospects for the new Reading Club are therefore extraordinarily good. The school possesses seven aeroplanes, so that there is never difficulty in arranging instructional times. The film taken by Mr. Roy Tuckett during his solo flight from London to Cape Town was shown in Reading recently, and according to the reports I have heard it proved an interesting and entertaining film. Mr. Tuckett, who was a member of the Phillips and Powis School of Flying, has just returned from South Africa.

By the time this appears another well-known school of flying, the Brooklands School, will have given its special display to the delegates of the India Round Table Conference. It is hoped that some account of the display will be possible in a subsequent number of THE TATLER. The seasonal rush of things aeronautical, however, has already begun, and it is impossible to find space to mention half of the events which ought to be mentioned. Every year the displays and meetings which claim attention increase in number, and as their quality improves it becomes harder to refuse them attention.



SOME AVIATION NOTABILITIES AT READING

Flight-Lieutenant R. Bateman, chief instructor of the Phillips and Powis School of Flying; Mr. Birch, a pupil of the school; Mr. C. O. Powis, the managing director; and Captain R. Seaton, another instructor. Mr. Birch is a prominent official of the Johore Government of the Malay States. He learnt to fly while on leave, and bought the machine which is shown in the photograph, and in which he did his training

A HAPPY FAMILY PARTY



LADY DIANA WORTHINGTON AND HER CHILDREN

It would be difficult to discover two more engaging young people than Miss Caroline and Master Charles Worthington, whose respective ages are two-and-a-half and ten months. Their parents, Mr. Greville and Lady Diana Worthington, manage to refrain from spoiling them, though the excuse is a good one. Caroline started her social career at a very early age, for when she was only a fortnight old she received a printed invitation to a wedding and insisted on accepting it. Lady Diana Worthington was Lady Diana Duncombe before her marriage, and is Lord Feversham's only sister. Her husband, the elder son of Mr. and Lady Muriel Worthington of Maple Hayes in Staffordshire, is a force to be reckoned with in the book-selling world, and has lately been to America in search of rare tomes

Photographs by Douglas, St. James' Place

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Chelsea Follies," at the Victoria Palace



TAKE "NERVO" FOR
HARD "KNOX"

The mainstays of "Chelsea Follies" at the Victoria Palace are these two burlesque acrobatic comedians Messes. Jimmy Nervo and Teddy Knox, whom Tom Titt has caught in that travesty of a classical dance which is now a classic in itself. Slow-motion melodrama, a boxing bout in the middle of the Stamford Bridge football ground, and a parody of a circus troupe of acrobats are the high spots of the Nervo and Knox share in a revue which is great fun



NOT AT OLYMPIA

The Ringmaster (Mr. Eddie Gray), apprehensive of missiles and back-chat from the audience, tackles the task of introducing a quartette of acrobats arrayed in the manner of Roman gladiators, of which Nervo and Knox are the star turns

"Chelsea Follies."

WE burghesses of Brompton take leave to regard the citizens of Chelsea with feelings more akin to pity than envy. Chelsea strikes us, on the whole, as an over-rated, inaccessible district punctuated by slums. To reside in its remoter cul-de-sacs indicates a calling in which time and distance are no object. To rub shoulders with blocks of bleak studios is an unmistakable gesture to the artistic temperament: to possess (or assume) this infirmity is the neighbourhood's best house-agent. We are not blind to the charms of Cheyne Walk on a sunny afternoon; the Embankment is captivating by moonlight; the colony of neo-Georgian houses have no basements; the Pensioners make a splash of colour in their red coats. But, though we can buy our vegetables and bric-à-brac cheap in the King's Road, that draughty thoroughfare is not everyone's idea of Main Street. (Profound sensation!)

When it comes to a "neighbourhood revue," as Mr. Archibald de Bear has christened his bright and breezy entertainment at the Victoria Palace, Chelsea, it must be admitted, has its neighbour beaten all ends up. Looking down the Brompton Road in search of romance, the eye lights on Harrods, of which, as the bus sides truly observe, there is only one. What is there, after this colossus of small beginnings, besides the Oratory, with its prosperous façade and frequent weddings? Leaving out the "Stuffed Zoo," which may, or may not, be claimed by South Kensington, there is only Woolworth's.



THE BUN-MAKER

Mr. Hay Petrie as the master-baker of Chelsea buns, in the days of Nell Gwynne and King Charles

contributed a neat lyric about a Shrinking Chorus, our next move is to the Embankment. Here the top-liners, Messrs. Jimmy Nervo and Teddy Knox, keeping their superb acrobatics in reserve, disport themselves about a coffee stall in a harlequinade of sausages and slap-stick. The river, when the policeman is not looking, is the only place for him who cannot surrender his every nerve of risibility to these masters of slow-motion burlesque and vigorous fooling. There is always a place in revue for the best turns of vaudeville celebrities, and it matters not that the famous Nervo and Knox boxing match should be staged at Stamford Bridge, or their classical dance should follow an excellent display of the real thing by Mr. Toni Grecco and pretty Miss Peggy Cartwright. Not one hearty laugh but many are in store for playgoers whose patronage stops short of the music-halls. Messrs. Nervo and Knox are alone worth the price of admission which, being strictly reasonable, is a factor of some import in a month when the income-tax collector is hastening his harvest home.

* * *

Chelsea buns, featuring Nell Gwynne and King Charles; Carlyle's statue, shocked into life by a prophetic vision of women usurpers of male uniforms; the Chelsea Football Club, with special reference to Scottish domination; the Stamford Bridge Ground, with that nifty dancing team, the eight Lancashire lads, in the club's jerseys; and the Chelsea Flower Show complete the local colour. Hal Swain and his band discourse pleasant music; Mr. Naunton Wayne, as *compère*, almost persuades us that we cannot have too much of a good thing; Miss Lillebil Ibsen



"VISIT SUNNY SPAIN"

Miss Lillebil Ibsen's impression of a Spanish chanteuse, one of many caricatures of Continental singers



The Misses Pearl Green, Maisie Darrell, and Anona Winn in a product of the Chelsea "Potteries"—a Two-in-One version of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" re-bottled in an American distillery of gun-men and gangsters

takes off various types of continental singers with an air of accomplishing much, but somehow leaves one doubtful; Miss Pearl Greene, Miss Anona Winn, and Messrs. Harold Scott, Hay Petrie, and Eddie Gray show up well and often; and Miss Maisie Darrell is virtually wasted. The dresses are gay but not gaudy, the scenery is simple but effective.

* * *

"The Maid of the Mountains."
Before I went to the Hippodrome to see the short-season revival of *The Maid of the Mountains* I was quite certain I remembered the piece, and, of course, Miss José Collins in the principal part. But as the mountain peaks were revealed and the stirring harmonies of the brigand's choir awoke the echoes of the passes, I realized that I was seeing it for the first time. Which shows how deceptive are the passage of time, popular melodies, and the family likeness

which one musical play bears to another. "*The Maid*" was produced at Daly's sixteen years ago—in 1915. It still holds the record, I believe, for a musical comedy run in London with 1,352 performances. In an article in the January issue of "Britannia and Eve" Mr. William Pollock recalls the days when Mr. Frederick Lonsdale was "broke." *The Maid of the Mountains* set him on his feet. One can understand its success.

* * *

In 1915 "jazz" was a comparative child; there was a war, when audiences were disposed to be lenient; and there was, besides Mr. Fraser Simpson's melodious score, the vivid, barbarian personality of Miss José Collins



TALK AND THIMBLES

Mr. Naunton Wayne, the *compère* of "Chelsea Follies," exploits a pleasant personality and a flow of persiflage which are irresistible. A little *leger-de-main* is ingratiatingly mingled with the small-talk

acting with the ferocity of half-a-dozen caged panthers and singing at the top of her form. For its day and in its genre the piece has distinction. The plot is coherent, the book better

written than most, the locale is colourful, and the lyrics are by Captain Harry Graham and therefore guaranteed of good workmanship.

* * *

Speed, rhythm, and intensive chorus-work on the American pattern have changed the face of musical comedy; 1915 had witnessed neither the conquest of the cocktail nor the birth of the blues. The Maid in her reincarnation may appear definitely dated to the jazz-minded. The tempo of the comedy sets a leisurely pace. But the piece has its graces as well as those remembered airs which proclaim Mr. Fraser Simpson a master of melody. At the Hippodrome the orchestra pit is crowded with first-class musicians, and the standard of singing is high. Miss Anne Croft's Teresa is a puckered, Puckish, Peter Pan-nish maiden without a drop of gipsy blood in her system. The raven locks and olive complexion of the Spanish wild-cat are missing, but Miss Croft manages well enough, even if she looks more like a curly-haired land-girl than a daughter of Romany. Her singing carries her through and very good it is. Mr. Bertram Wallis is the bandit king and a fine figure of dignified reserve he cuts. Mr. Jerry Verno, ingenuous of countenance and nimble of leg, rings all the comic changes possible; Miss Billie Hill partners him with no uncertain liveliness; Mr. Mark Lester is as mellow and kindly as September sunshine; and Mr. Bruce Carfax, who sang one song well in *Sons of Guns*, sings several so exceptionally well that one could hardly believe one's ears. Young men in musical comedy with a voice are as rarely encountered as chorus girls who were *not* educated in a convent.

"TRINCULO."



PINK COATS IN LONDON

The United Hunts Ball



CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. S. HURST

MR. T. DRIBERG, THE HON.
MRS. WILFRED EGERTON,
MR. ISAAC BELL, M.F.H., AND
COL. THE HON. W. EGERTON

The United Hunts Ball, of which one or two pictures appeared in last week's issue, was so successful an innovation that it well deserves a page to itself. The Savoy was packed with pink coats, many of them enclosing Masters of hounds. Mr. Isaac Bell, who is seen above, has been in command of the South and West Wilts since 1925, and hunts hounds himself



MR. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H.,
WITH LADY POULETT



MISS SIMPSON SUPS WITH CAPTAIN TERRY IRVINE

The object of the United Hunts Ball was to give financial assistance to the rebuilding and endowment fund of the Royal Veterinary College, and judging by the size of the "field" the sum collected should have been a good one. Hunting horns and hunting noises have been known to feature at London weddings, but this was the first occasion that they put their own particular thrill into a London dance. Mr. Hilton Green, one of the most brilliant amateur huntsmen of the day, went to the Meynell from the North Cotswold in 1929. If rumour is to be believed a very important new appointment will occupy him next season. Captain G. S. Hurst is a former Master of an Indian pack, the Nerbudda Vale. Captain R. H. Fox hunts with the Mid Kent Staghounds, and Captain Terry Irvine comes from the Old Berks country.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. H. FOX AND MRS. JACKSON

Photographs by Sasha

FAMILY PORTRAITS



DAISY, PRINCESS OF PLESS AND HER SECOND SON

*Miss Compton Collier*
LADY CHAYTOR AND HER DAUGHTERS*Miss Compton Collier*
MRS. JACQUES DE PRET AND HER CHILDREN

THE HON. LADY SALMOND WITH JULIAN AND ROSEMARY

Cameras were busy in various localities collecting the quartette of family portraits which appear here. Daisy, Princess of Pless, and her second son, Count Alexander Hochberg, who also bears the Christian names of Friedrich, Wilhelm, George, Conrad, Ernest, Maximilian, were photographed in the Bavarian Alps, where they have been spending the past few weeks. The Princess, a sister of Constance Duchess of Westminster, obtained a divorce in 1923. Lady Chaytor is Sir Edmund Chaytor's wife, and lives at Wilton Castle in County Durham, where this picture was taken. She is seen with her younger daughters, Miss Isobel and Miss Anne Chaytor. Sir Edmund is the 6th baronet. Mrs. de Pret, who was Miss Elizabeth Garland before her marriage, is a popular personality in Leicestershire, and does plenty of entertaining at Gaddesby Hall. Her two boys, Michael and John, are a very promising couple. Captain de Pret is the son of Count de Pret-Roosi de Calisberg. He served in the European War with the cavalry and was awarded the Military Cross. The photograph of Lady Salmond and her son and daughter was taken at Panshanger, the Hertfordshire home of her parents, Lord and Lady Desborough. She is the wife of Air Chief Marshal Sir John Salmond, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O.



MADAME LUPESCU

Angelo

The lovely Rumanian, whose continued presence in the Royal Palace has led, it is stated, Queen Hélène to seek for a complete separation from King Carol

TRÈS CHER,—We are told that it is unwise to dwell too much in the past, but the passing over—within a few days of each other—of two old Parisians who, in the heyday of their success, were very good friends, has reminded us, in Paris, of that gay and naughty period between 1895 and 1910 when certain Frenchmen still wore flat-brimmed top hats, sweeping moustaches, and little pointed beards, and fought duels—most seriously and often quite dangerously—for the *beaux yeux* of the demi-monde . . . for other reasons also, but less excitingly! Boldini—who was Italian by birth but Parisian by adoption—was the first to go. Strange, wizened little Punchinello . . . what wonderful portraits he painted of slim and sinuous women in days when women were, in reality, neither slim nor sinuous, but amazingly (to us) rounded above, and “straight-fronted” below; their bodies enclosed in cast-iron corsets.

Henry Gauthier-Villars (Willy) followed his friend this week on the great journey. He was famous for his wit, his musical erudition, his pretty ladies, and his duels. Later he became our celebrated Colette's husband and guided her first steps on the career that she has since, and more especially after her divorce from him, so magnificently made for herself in the world of letters. In the early days of this century no revue was complete without some reference to “Willy,” and the Claudine novels (that have been so mistakenly translated into English recently—“mistakenly” because nowadays they are most terribly démodés!) and any first-night performance that did not see the notorious trio of Willy accompanied by a certain fair lady and Polaire of the sixteen-inch waist and the fuzzy black hair in the stage box was an affair of no brilliance at all. There were Willy perfumes, hats, cigarettes, and, above all, “stories”!

One of the few portraits of men that Boldini has left is a very fine one of Henry Gauthier-Villars. It is now I believe the property of the State and is placed in a gallery at Bordeaux. It was a remarkable study in black, grey, and white, the only touch of colour being the gold-headed malacca cane that the famous writer always carried, and that played such an important rôle in the preliminaries of many duels!

There is a little story about that portrait. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1906, I think, and at the same salon was the beautiful picture by la Gandara (another celebrated artist of the day, who has since joined the shadows) of Polaire. Jacques Emile Blanche had painted the portrait of the “fair lady,” but,

Priscilla in Paris

disliking such notoriety as the three canvases in the same exhibition would have aroused, he exhibited it elsewhere. Nevertheless, the three portraits of the well-known trio painted by the then three most celebrated artists of the day caused a good deal of talk . . . (it was easy to make people talk in those days), and the illustrated newspapers ran reproductions for all they were worth.

Even before the War Paris had forgotten Willy, and of late years he lived very quietly with one faithful companion—his secretary of early days and his nurse at the end. Nevertheless, he was accompanied to his last resting place by many friends who suddenly “remembered.” There were lovely flowers, affectionate words were spoken, and many elderly *beaux yeux* were wet.

* * * * *

My dear! Such an amusing operetta at the Folies Wagram theatre. *Brummel*, book and lyrics by Rip and Robert Dieudonné, and the most enchanting score by that most enchanting composer, Reynaldo Hahn. Not an easy subject to treat, for Brummel was—*à mon avis*—a very antipathetic individual. A gross libertine, a parvenu who denied his origins, he was, in fact, a cad of magnitude. But he was gifted with the art of wearing clothes well at a period when masculine dress was, I think, particularly ugly. Rip's caustic wit has made him a wonderful stage figure and yet a very human one. He allows us just to sense the man behind the well-dressed puppet . . . or rather the puppet's awakening to the fact that “it” might have been a man if only “it” had the courage to love the right woman! Alas, the right woman was a little washer-girl, and even Rip cannot take liberties with history to the point of making Brummel mate with a queen of the wash tub.

The production is beautifully staged and costumed. The scene in Brummel's dressing room, with its countless presses and cupboards of clothes and fal-lals, is terribly tantalising in these days when one frock costs us the amount of a whole year's pin money of the dear dull days before the War. Brummel is played by an actor who, when last I saw him, was giving a very clever imitation of Grock, the famous clown! A far cry from clown to dandy . . . though

g o o d n e s s
k n o w s t h a t
t h e G e o r g i a n
d a n d i e s w e r e
c l o w n - l i k e
e n o u g h i n
t h e i r s a r t o r i a l
e x a g g e r a t i o n s .

Unfortunately, though a fine actor, Pisani is quite a rotten singer, which was more than a pity, since Reynaldo Hahn's music is enchanting! A shy lad, Reynaldo—or is he merely absent-minded? At any rate, when we went round to the back of the stage, during the second interval, to congratulate him he wasn't there! He had gone next door to the Wagram cinema! How's that for nerve . . . or stage fright?—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MADAME FRANZISKA GAÁL

Who is described by the Hungarian Press as the most beautiful woman in the country and this does not sound as if it were in anyway an over-statement of the facts

TALKING ABOUT FILMS . . .



JACKIE COOGAN'S LATEST

Though Jackie Coogan, the world's most famous child screen star, is now sixteen years old and has, alas, outgrown the vast cap in which he made his name, he does not look his age and is still able to play juvenile parts in his inimitable manner. His latest picture is "Tom Sawyer," and, above, his day dreams at school come to life when he imagines himself as a bold knight, and Mitzi Green as a Lady of the Court. Jackie Coogan was introduced to the films when he was not quite two. Though he has earned enormous sums of money his parents only give him a small weekly allowance, the rest being invested for him until he comes of age. He has paid two visits to England, the first in 1924 when he was received by the Mayor of Southampton, and the second four years later when he appeared at the Palladium with his father. Greta Garbo, whose new picture is "Inpiration" was recently to be seen in "Romance" in the part created on the stage by Doris Keane. She is one of Hollywood's best-known stars. Ruth Chatterton and Robert Buck are both record-breakers. The former in connection with box-office takings and the latter in flying, he having at sixteen accomplished the best transcontinental air time for juniors from New York to Los Angeles. Mr. Buck was introduced to Hollywood talkies while Miss Chatterton was making "The Right to Love."

RUTH CHATTERTON
AND
ROBERT BUCK

GRETA GARBO



CUTTING PLENTY OF ICE

Lady Astor, M.P., figure-skating on the Suvretta House rink. Those who practise this graceful art have had no complaints to make. Skiers on the other hand have not been quite so fortunate, but snow conditions are improving

AND SO TO ST. MORITZ

Mr. William Astor, who is seen below with Miss Audrey Baring, Brig.-General the Hon. Everard Baring's daughter, is the eldest of Lord and Lady Astor's four sons



THE HON. W. ASTOR AND MISS BARING



SIR JOHN FITZ-GERALD AND LADY JEAN OGILVY

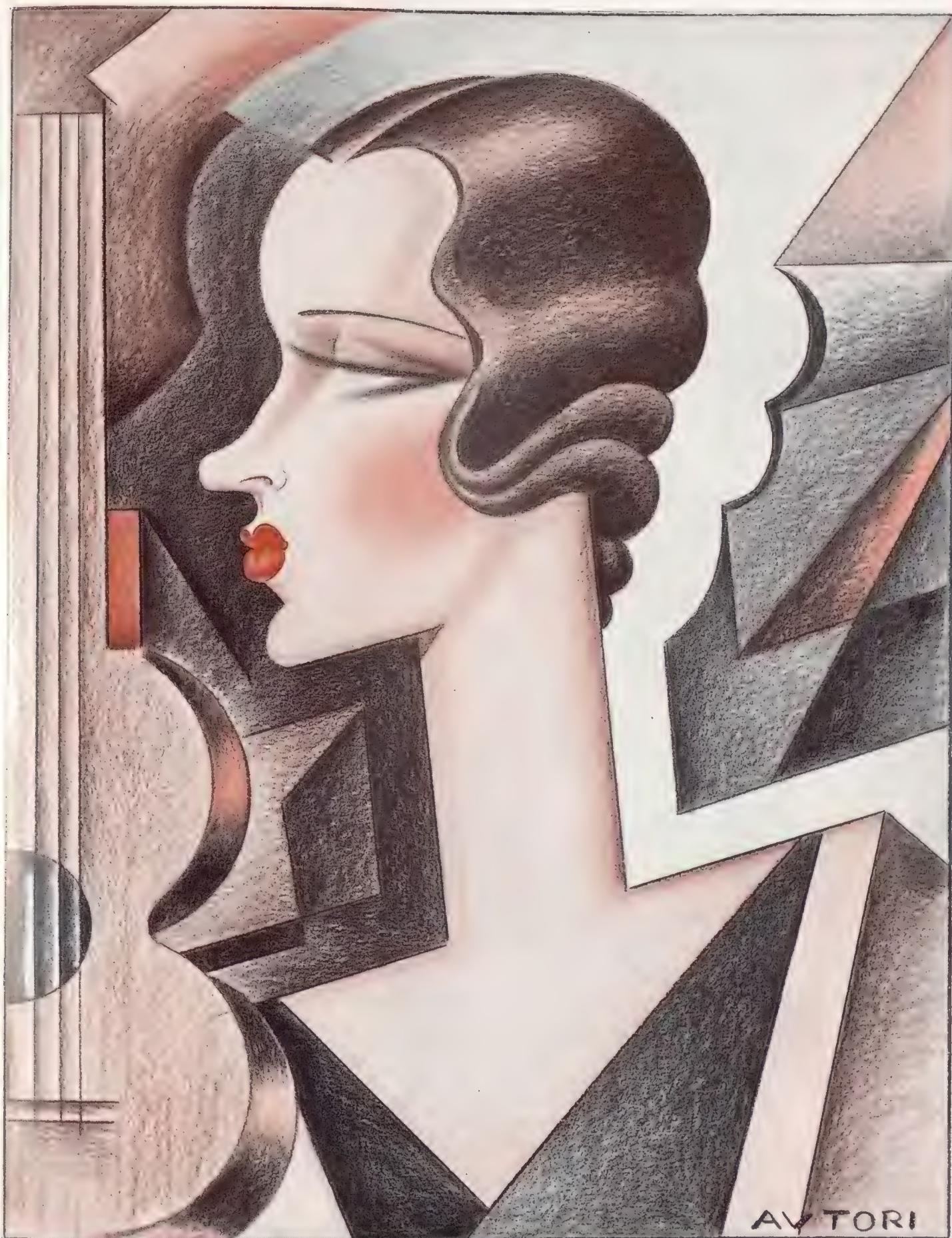
The Knight of Kerry with Lord and Lady Airlie's eldest daughter. Lady Jean Ogilvy makes quite good progress on skates, but is not above having someone in support when opportunity offers. Lord Airlie, lately returned from Abyssinia, has been one of the unlucky ones at St. Moritz, for, shortly after the skiing snapshot below was taken, he injured his knee, and will probably be debarred from further Swiss activities this winter. Miss Sylvia Coke is Viscount and Viscountess Coke's elder daughter



KATHLEEN LADY DROGHEDA AND CAPT. GLYNN



LORD AND LADY AIRLIE AND THEIR DAUGHTER AND THE HON. SYLVIA COKE



THE VISCOUNTESS FURNESS

By Autori

An impression which, like most impressions, does not flatter the beautiful young wife of Lord Furness, the well-known pillar in the shipbuilding, iron and steel, and formerly foxhunting worlds. Lord Furness was Master of the York and Ainsty hounds from 1912 to 1919, part of the time (1912-14) with Mr. Myles Stapylton, and he did a good deal in the way of hound breeding during his reign (Vandyke is one of the outstanding hounds of modern fox-hound history). Lady Furness, who is his second wife, and whom he married in 1926, was then Mrs. Thelma Converse, and is a daughter of Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, U.S.A., Consul-General at Buenos Aires.



SPRING

By A. T.

15



MORNING

RA.

151

I value my throat . . . that's why I smoke Craven 'A'



MADE
SPECIALY
TO PREVENT
SORE
THROATS

Wonderful Value - 20 for 1/-

CRAVEN 'A'

Made by Carreras Ltd 143 Years' Reputation for Quality.

HUNTER TRIALS FOR YOUNG MELTONIANS



LADY LONDONDERRY AND HER DAUGHTERS AND HARRY AND HUGH HOARE



THE HON. PAUL KNOX, LADY COOPER, LORD NORTHLAND, AND MISS MARY SHERRARD

This page concerns the Hunter Trials, held recently at Craven Lodge for the especial benefit of young Leicestershire. Children from far and near brought their ponies to participate, and the good horsemanship and enthusiasm displayed augurs well for the future. Harry and Hugh Hoare are the sons of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare and nephews of Lady Londonderry. They have been spending their holidays hunting with the Belvoir. Mr. John Nutting is the eldest son of Sir Harold Nutting, the Joint Master of the Quorn. Lady Eileen Clarke is the wife of Major Charlie Clarke, who organized the Hunter Trials and did it extremely well. Lord Northland and his brother, the Hon. Paul Knox, have hunted in Leicestershire since they were very small indeed



MR. JOHN NUTTING, LADY EILEEN CLARKE, LADY NUTTING, AND LADY EBRINGTON AND HER CHILDREN



MAJOR CHARLIE CLARKE DOES HUGH HOARE A GOOD TURN



(Right) MRS. MURRAY-SMITH AND LORD LONDONDERRY

LOOKERS ON



PARTICIPANTS IN THE CRAVEN LODGE HUNTER TRIALS FOR THE YOUNG

FLIGHTS OF FANCY



MISS SHIPTON, LORD CHESHAM, MR. ALGERNON COX, AND MRS. FAGAN



MR. AND MRS. ALGERNON COX AND MISS I. V. COX



MR. GRAHAM FERGUSON, MR. GRENANDER, MAJOR AND MRS. McLEOD, AND MISS McLEOD



MISS BARKER, MISS GRENANDER, MR. RICHARD MANN, AND MR. GILBERT BARKER



LADY CHESHAM WITH MR. H. G. TRAVERS, AND MISS CRAWLEY

ALL DRESSED UP
AT
LATIMER HOUSE

Lady Chesham's fancy dress ball at Latimer House was a very gay affair indeed, everyone entering well into the spirit of the occasion and producing some remarkably good and original outfits. It was held on the eve of the children's meet, and members of the Old Berkeley Hunt found it well to their liking. Lady Chesham in a poudré disguise and Lord Chesham as an Arab chief both had sartorial successes, and Mrs. Fagan's Persian Lady was very decorative. According to report, the Satanic-looking gentleman with Faustian décor is in private life Miss Crawley; if so, she certainly deserved a prize for being completely unrecognizable



MR. C. L. CRAWLEY, MR. LEES MILNE, AND MR. DICKON COX

"ALL IN THE PLEASANT OPEN AIR"



EIGHT IN FAMILY: LORD AND LADY NOEL-BUXTON AND THEIR CHILDREN

Claude Harris*Howard Barrett*

ON FOOT WITH THE BELVOIR: INCLUDING LADY ENID TURNOR, THE HON. CECILIA BOWES-LYON, MRS. VAUGHAN, MISS CROSSLEY, AND THE HON. MRS. BATT

Howard Barrett

LADY GARVAGH WITH THE HON. VALERIE, THE HON. IVOR, THE HON. DAPHNE, AND THE HON. VICTOR CANNING AT HOME IN LINCOLNSHIRE

Waltham Abbey, his new residence, was the setting for this photograph of Lord Noel-Buxton and his wife and family. A member of a well-known Norfolk clan, Lord Noel-Buxton has done distinguished service for the Labour Party, and was made a Peer last year. At the resultant by-election in North Norfolk Lady Noel-Buxton was returned to the House of Commons in her husband's place. Their children are the Hons. Noel, Christopher, Michael, Lydia, Jane, and Sarah Noel-Buxton. When the Duke of Rutland's Hounds met at his home, Belvoir Castle, on the morning after the Grantham Ball, many foot followers augmented the large field. Lady Enid Turnor is the wife of Captain Herbert Turnor, who lives at Little Ponton Hall, near Grantham. Miss Bowes-Lyon is Lord Glamis' elder daughter, and Mrs. Batt, a visitor from Norfolk, is Lord Monck's sister. Miss Crossley is the second of Sir Kenneth Crossley's three daughters, and is as well known in the Cheshire and Wynnstay countries as Mrs. John Vaughan is at Melton. Lady Garvagh was the widow of Colonel D. M. Dimmer, V.C., when she married Lord Garvagh in 1919. The Hon. Ivor Canning, her elder son, is ten years old. The group was taken at Ashby Hall, their home near Lincoln



ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL XV

R. S. Crisp

Who recently met the Old Paulines at Thames Ditton and gained a victory by 11 points to 5 points. Left to right: Standing—M. M. Ryan, J. P. Ryan, J. C. Cherry, D. A. B. Hopkins, T. H. Harrington, A. B. MacGregor, A. G. Cross, G. F. Jones; front row—J. P. Morgan, J. J. A. Embleton, W. W. Sargent, E. W. Hinchliff, R. E. M. Child, M. W. Lloyd Owen, and C. P. Goodwin

THREE must be something in the Twickenham tradition if England can get off with a draw after having the worst of the play, as in the game against Wales. This is the second or third occasion on which the Welshmen have failed to win when they certainly should have done so. Some of us well remember the 1914 match, when England won by a single point, and acquired the unenviable distinction of being the worst-beaten side that ever won an International game.

Perhaps this draw the other day has been even more annoying, for the Welshmen cannot help remembering that in addition to scoring their own eleven points they also presented England with an equal number. Six of them, thanks to B. H. Black's magnificent kicking, came from stupid infringements of the laws, whilst D. W. Burland's try was directly due to the most crassly idiotic piece of tactics ever seen in International football. A schoolboy guilty of such folly in a house-match would not have been able to sit down comfortably for a week.

Dr. J. R. Wheeler, the Irish International, who refereed the match, has been somewhat unjustly criticized. It is true that he penalized both sides many times, but that was the fault of the players and not of the official. He is there to see that the laws are observed; if they are broken it is his job to inflict the penalty. What seems to be a very minor infringement to the ordinary spectator may have the most far-reaching results, and a conscientious referee dare not let it pass.

I have never seen England so often penalized before, but I have no doubt our men earned the penalties. They certainly did when one had a clear view of the scrum-mage, for again and again the outside foot prevented the ball going in. As for the Welshmen they seemed to think the law regarding offside was suspended for the day, and this mistaken idea cost them the victory in the end.

Before the match some of our authorities expressed themselves as very confident, and one heard of sundry mental defectives who had laid 3 to 1 on England. To experienced folk it always seemed an unusually open game, in which anything might happen, and the worst very nearly did. Our men were, too many of them, lacking in experience, eight new caps are too many in one International, especially against Wales. No wonder our scrummage often seemed lacking in life and dash; it takes a new man some time to find his feet.

Still it is difficult to blame the directors, they may have made one or two mistakes, but they had reason for what they did. Nevertheless there should be two, if not three, changes in the pack, to meet Ireland, and there may be one or two in the back

Rugby Ramblings

division, though none of the backs really failed. E. B. Pope may have been outplayed by a heavier, stronger, and more experienced man, but he was much handicapped by slow heeling and wing forwards who hardly knew their job. Tom Voyce at his best would have been worth his weight in gold and, in my view, England would have won comfortably.

The fact is that there are no really first-class wing forwards to-day. The country is overrun with young gentlemen who possess plenty of pace and dash but are almost completely ignorant of the finer points of their particular job. P. D. Howard, in the middle of the back row, is probably the finest forward in Rugby to-day, but he is oftener hampered than helped by his colleagues. Wanted, a Voyce, or a Blakiston, or a Joe Periton, who is still scoring tries and dropping goals for Waterloo.

The best of the Welsh outsiders were J. Bassett, the full back, for whom all English Rugby folk have deep respect and admiration; R. Boon, a fast and brilliant wing; and T. E. Jones-Davies, a natural Rugby player equally sound in attack and defence. And, of course, W. C. Powell, always a tower of strength if sometimes erratic, and the most formidable scrum-half of the day.

The three men many of us would like to see in the England pack are three west countrymen—Sparks, Hordern, and Harding. These three would have been invaluable against Wales, and those responsible for the omission of the first two at least must have felt qualms. And lots of people think C. D. Aarvold is wasted on the wing. Practically all he had to do against Wales was to throw in from touch, and you do not want one of the best centres in the country for that job.

Quite recently three famous Internationals have become engaged. One is C. K. T. Faithfull, the Army heavy-weight forward and boxer, known to his intimates as "Bull." Another is that very sound Scottish three-quarter, W. M. Simmers of the Glasgow Academicals, who has collected over twenty Scottish caps and has power to add to their number. The third future Benedict is I. M. B. Stuart, sometime of Dublin University and now a master at Harrow.

"LINE-OUT."



OLD PAULINES' XV

R. S. Crisp

Who scored 5 points against their opponents' 11 points in their recent match with St. Mary's Hospital. As this game was played in the morning, Old Paulines had to field a side largely consisting of reserves, and in fact had to complete it by filling two places with C. G. Schneerson, who is still at school, and I. M. B. Stuart, who was at one time Rugby coach there. In addition the best Old Pauline footballer of the moment, J. J. A. Embleton, the Cambridge captain, played against them for St. Mary's Hospital, where he has just gained a scholarship. The names, left to right, are: Back row—Hylton Cleaver (hon. sec.), I. Richmond, K. Burton, H. B. Phillips, E. Anslow Wilson, I. M. B. Stuart, C. G. Schneerson, J. L. Pilcher, G. R. Langdale, G. M. Chisnell (referee), J. Farrell (hon. treasurer); front row—R. E. Wise, J. S. H. King, R. Klemin, C. H. Dixon, E. A. Low, W. R. Scott, and R. H. B. Nicholls



IT IS SAID
THAT WOMEN
DRESS TO PLEASE
MEN, BUT WHERE
CIGARETTES ARE
CONCERNED THEY
PLEASE THEMSELVES
AND SMOKE

PLAYER'S



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6^d 20 FOR 11½^d CORK TIPPED.

NCC16

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

OWING to the pressure on our space the Horse-Riding Ready-Reckoner or the Quick Route to Matchless Equitation had to be cut short last week, but it is now possible to broadcast a bit more:—

The Forward Seat.

—Oyster patties at 11 o'clock or even at 10.45 are rather dangerous. You should never eat them with spirituous liquors. In this they differ from haggis, which should never be eaten without, at any rate by any Sassenach, as otherwise he may fail to keep it down. The juice of the grape or, preferably Black Velvet, a fluid made up of Pommery and Porter, is the best. The thoughtful and knowledgeable hostess who is arranging a snack-bar at the pre-hunt meal may like to know this. In any case if you have had porridge, bacon and eggs, a devilled kidney, some cold pheasant and some marmalade, at say, nine thirtyish and follow it up at 10.45 to 11 with the things above mentioned, you should not over-accentuate the forward seat in jumping, or even when reaching over to open a gate. You may lose the whole shooting match. This would be a sinful waste and a poor compliment to your hostess.

Oyster Patties. — Do not emulate the *gourmet* from Wigan who, on his first encounter with one of these things, lifted the top lid—then called the nearest waiter and said: “Ere laad, soom-mat dead in boon!” It will not go at all well with your host's butler.

Stirrup Cups. — Do not let this ancient mis-description fool you into trying to drink cherry-brandy, old port and much less, bubbly, when mounted. Most horses are inclined to behave in a thoroughly vulgar manner about 11 a.m. (and before) and simply can't abide the sight of even the best-looking footman carrying a tray. Hence you are bound to spill more outside you than inside you, and if you have a second or third spot to make up for what you've soured over your breeches, people are so apt to make unkind remarks. No!—curse the expense, buzz a shilling or even half-a-crown, on someone to hold your horse and go inside and get wet up to the ears. It is by far the best way. Only hunt servants make a real success of stirrup-cups.

How to Stop Runaway Horses. — Practise getting off trams and buses in motion, left or right foot first it does not much matter. If this is impracticable head him into the brown of the field—that is, the assembled hunting multitude. It is bound to stop the bolter. You may drop in for a bit of personal chastisement with whips, and even be deprived of your hat and coat, also your boots before they have done telling you what they think about you, but *n'importe*, as we say in France. It is better than imposing the death duties on your next of kin before the Grab-All Government goes out. Sailors use a thing called a sea-anchor in a storm. It may be



"THE MARINERS": THE NAVY'S OWN SKI-CLUB

All these distinguished performers came ashore from the Atlantic Fleet, and the picture was taken at Schardegg. The names, left to right, are: Lieutenant A. F. Black, Lieut.-Commander J. de C. Richards, Lieut.-Commander R. B. Gossage (the hon. sec.), and Lieutenant G. F. Dolphin. These officers founded "The Mariners"

nart? Whoy do ye ask me that now?" A reply is next door to impossible.

In addition to thousands of other people, as I suppose, I have been to see the new show at Drury Lane, *The Song of the Drum*, always being much interested in anything which has to do with the Bad Men of the North-West Frontier of India, and those whose job it is to put the half-Nelson on them. I think they have missed a good chance with this story of an officer in a marching regiment, who gives away some operations orders or something like that,

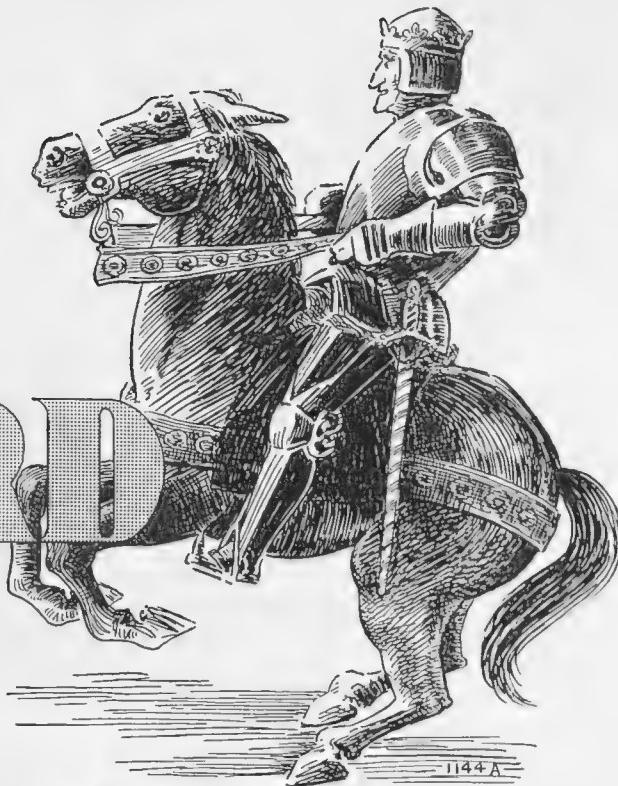
to the wicked countess who is in the pay of the Frontier chieftain. If the hero were going to be cashiered it would have been a Secret Service show all the way. Probably he would have been dismissed with ignominy as a traitor, and quite possibly his own colonel would not have been in the know, but the officer would have been. It would have been a put-up job from start to finish by Army Intelligence, A.H.Q., Delhi, but I am almost certain that they would not have done it this way, because a British officer would have been suspect from the word go, and the wily border Khan is not such a guileless person as all that. Having got the secret information, whatever it was, when Mr. Derek Oldham came to the Khan and tried to make out he was a man with a grouse, he would have said "*Béshák haramzada!*" But you can tell that to your Marines; and in the meanwhile, if you will kindly step outside, they will relieve you of your head!" It would have spoilt the show of course to cut off Mr. Derek Oldham's very handsome head, but I think somehow the writers of the story have missed a chance. The operations orders which fell into the hands of the *Dusmān*, or unwashed enemy, were purposely dud, and the Border chieftain having spotted this would have been all the keener on cutting off the officer's head. This false information show has been done before, but I think Warburton was about the only white man the S.S. would have used for the job—but then he was a marvel at make-up.



AT MONTE: MR. TOM WEBSTER

The famous humorous artist doing a bit of well-earned basking, tennis, golf, and bearing a hand at the various gala dinners at the caravanserais!

IF RICHARD III



1144 A

had lived to-day
he would have
called not only
for a horse, but for
a stirrup cup of

"King George IV"

OLD SCOTCH
WHISKY

"The Whisky of Right Royal Quality"



Bubble and Squeak

ALITTLE girl had eaten too much at a party and suffered for it afterwards; her mother allowed her to go to another party on the next day on condition that she ate only plain buns and no sweet things. When she returned from the party her parent asked: "Did you eat only plain buns as I told you?"

"Yes, mother."

"What did you say when they offered you the other things?"

"Oh, I just said as Daddy says, 'Take the beastly things away.'"

* * *

The hostess was attempting to make conversation with her very nervous partner at dinner. "What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones," she said.

The guest attempted to say something complimentary, "To sit next to you would cause any man to lose his appetite," he said.

* * *

The wife was shop-gazing. "Darling," she said, with her eyes fixed upon an expensive fur coat, "that reminds me! I'll soon be needing a new fur coat."

Her husband gasped. "But I only bought you that one you're wearing two seasons ago."

"Yes, dear," she replied patiently, "but you must remember that the animal wore it three seasons first."

* * *

Jack London used to tell this story. A man called Home met one of the Cave-Brown-Caves. He called him Cave. "I say, you might call me Cave-Brown-Cave," was the reply. Presently Home had his revenge. "Home —" began the other. "Call me Home-sweet-Home," said he.

* * *

Two friends met after a long interval. "Well, and how have you been getting on?" asked one.

"I've not done anything much, lately," replied the other, sadly, "I took a job as a groom, and I've not had a moment's peace since—I've been on the go day and night."

"That's just about how I've been treated," said the first, just as sadly.

"Why, were you a groom, too?"

"Well, sort of. I took on as a bridegroom."

* * *

Abishop interviewed a vicar and requested that he would abandon the use of incense, to which the vicar attached importance.

"You see, my lord," he said, "I have the cure of 10,000 souls to minister to."

"Quite so," rejoined the bishop, "but you don't need to cure them with smoke, like so many kippers."

* * *

The lady was visiting the poor of her district, and in one of the cottages lived poor old Mrs. Murphy, a widow. After several unsuccessful attempts to make conversation the lady asked: "Was your husband in comfortable circumstances when he died?"

"No, mum," replied Mrs. Murphy, "he was 'alf way under a train."



Photographs by Dorothy Wilding

MISS DOROTHY DICKSON, WHO IS IN
"WONDER BAR" AT THE SAVOY

In spite of the handicap of illness Miss Dorothy Dickson has carried on with her part of Liane, the beautiful Vamp in "Wonder Bar," the Viennese night club musical play at the Savoy. Miss Dorothy Dickson was absent for a time, but came back even though it was necessary for a nurse to stand by—a great devotion to duty on the part of this charming actress

AScot who had worn the same hat for fifteen years decided regretfully to buy a new one.

Going into the only hat shop in his neighbourhood he said: "Well, here I am again!"

* * *

The collection of the little village church has just been opened by the deacon in the presence of the minister. In it was

a penny, a half-penny, a farthing, and three trouser buttons.

"Let us give thanks," said the minister.

"For what?" asked the deacon, bitterly.

"Because we got the box back."

* * *

At a certain golf course, where the ladies had been accustomed to play from the same tees as the men, it was decided to arrange shorter tees for them. The new tee boxes were ordered. The secretary warned the green-keeper that the boxes were coming, and asked him to see them placed at the tees.

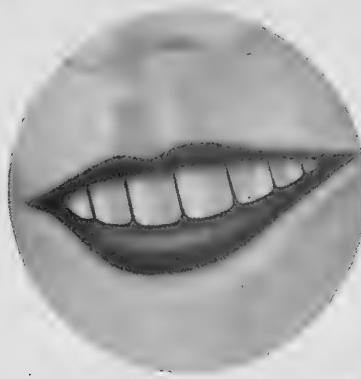
"All right, sir," he replied, "and I'll just paint an 'L' on each of the boxes, so that the ladies'll know just where we would like them to go."

* * *

The manager was exasperated. "You're the slowest youngster we've ever had in this office. Aren't you quick at anything?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the boy, "nobody can get tired as quickly as I can."

MILTON CLEANS FALSE TEETH



AND
THAT'S
NOT
ALL

PETROL VAPOUR :

By
W. G. ASTON.

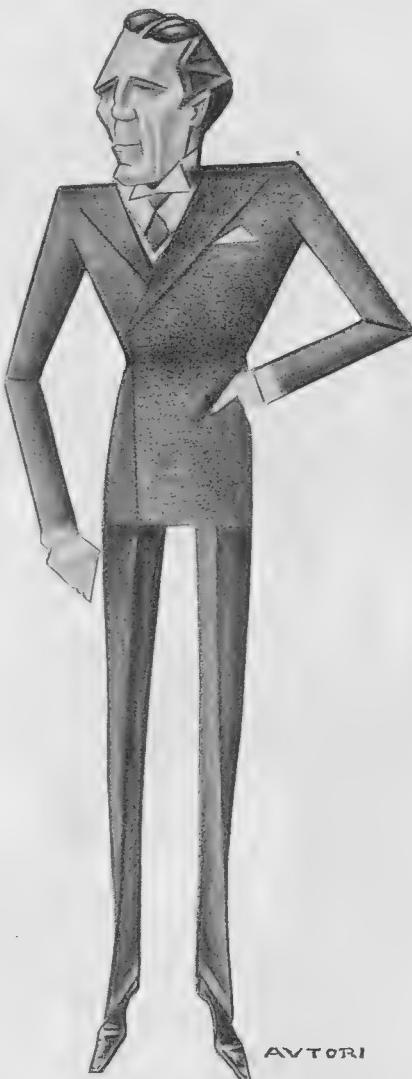
Some Differ-
ences.

If, in some respects, we are better off than the Portuguese (though the country as a whole seems to be a good deal more comfortably prosperous than Britain at the moment), they have it over us in some minor matters. For example, I met the other day an Englishman who confessed that when he first arrived in Lisbon it was a good half hour before he could summon up sufficient courage to hail one of the magnificent limousines which were circulating around what was once, but now is only in parts, the famous Rolly-Motion Square. With no knowledge of the lingo he cou'd not take a chance on a tram that was labelled for some unheard-of destination, and he could not believe that a lordly six-cylinder (nay, sometimes even an eight) was at his disposal at about fourpence per kilometre. They say, hereabouts, that Lisbon and Vigo have the finest taxi-cabs in the world. I would not deny it. The streets of both cities being somewhat up on end, anything at all resembling the sort of transport that disgraces London is out of the question. Instead, they have real motor-cars, fast, quiet, well-sprung, and really adequate for the four passengers who (there are no extras) can ride as cheaply as one. My only objection to them is that they are fitted with those abominable little horns, the effectiveness of which, however, I will not attempt to deny. And, of course, they are driven with truly Latin fury. But the good Lisboan is a patron of the Praça de Touros, and has well studied the art of letting dangerous things miss him merely by bending his back. Some people complain that these taxis are driven too fast, in spite of the fact that there is an able and sportsmanlike traffic-controlling policeman at every corner, but for my part I find it an engaging thrill. Occasionally, I admit, I have to shut my teeth hard to prevent my heart popping out by force of intense deceleration. But the great point is that they are all strictly modern and bang up-to-date vehicles, and that what look like extravagant liberties on the part of their cheery drivers are not dangerous stunts at all. And that sets me wondering whether, in our own capital, we would not be a deal better off if our public-service vehicles had not been regulated in quite such a grandmotherly manner. Over here they took the long view and relied upon the problem solving itself, *currendo* if not *ambulando*. They did not insist upon that ridiculously small turning lock which makes the London taxicab the most dangerous vehicle to its occupants, as well as the most dangerous to other road users; they did not insist upon the use of



PADDY'S OWN: LADY HARINGTON LEADS HER BAND AT QUETTA

Anyone who has been in Quetta during the last year or two will undoubtedly have danced to Lady Harington's band which has made melody at all the hunt balls and other big parties and has established a reputation throughout India. Lady Harington, who is always known as "Paddy," is the wife of General Sir Charles Harington, G.O. C.-in-C. Western Command in India. She left Quetta recently for England and was very suitably played away by her own band. The other members of this group are Captain Coates, Mr. Lambert, Mr. Dredge, Mr. Vyvyan, Captain Campbell, Captain Macrae, Bandsman De Burle, Bandsman Gray, Major Connochie, Lance-Corporal Wilbraham, and Signaller Newbury



SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

An impression by Autori of a most distinguished member of the dramatic profession whose charm can always fill a London theatre, and whose manner is the despair of imitators, its very naturalness defeating them. The long run of "Cynara" ends on Saturday

steel-studded tyres until, for other motoring purposes, those things had ceased to be anything but museum pieces; they did not deny the driver the protection of a proper windscreen, and they laid no embargo upon front-wheel brakes. Our *aediles* did very much otherwise, and the result is the abomination with which we are familiar to satiety. I doubt

if, outside Britain, you could give our sort of taxicab away to an owner-driver who had to make his living out of it.

The Lesson. *

I do not thus dwell upon taxi-cabs just because they legitimately (alas, often too strongly) come within the scope of the title of these random lucubrations, but because the taxi is a devilishly important element in fixing the motoring standard of any country. It is, as it were, the smallest coin in the motoring currency. A man will naturally demand that his own private vehicle has a better performance, is more comfortable, and is better-looking than that which he can hire. British taxi-cabs are so vile, thanks to short-sighted "safety-first" official regulations, that any sort of private car, from the very cheapest, must be better in all respects. But in this country of Portugal (and I think it must be much the same all over the rest of the world) the taxi standard is so deucedly high that it takes a lot of beating. Lots of people here who have unlimited faith in British engineering achievement, would in the past have bought British cars, only that they were so high-priced. Now the price is right enough, but too often the British vehicle is not the right kind of car. It is (if of reasonably low cost) not big enough, not powerful enough, not roomy enough. It does not beat the local taxi. Nor is it likely to when the latter is of at least 20 rated horsepower, and has such a wheelbase that the occupants of the two face-forward occasional seats at the back have lashings of leg-room. It may seem rather a funny thing to say, but it really looks to me as though we should be reaping the benefit now of a huge export trade in motor-cars, if only the whole of London had been a shade more hilly than Hampstead, and if only Scotland Yard had given its undivided attention to the catching of malefactors, instead of dissipating its energies upon controlling the design of Metropolitan mechanical transport. Might seem a bit far-fetched, but I seriously doubt whether it is.

Car Theft. *

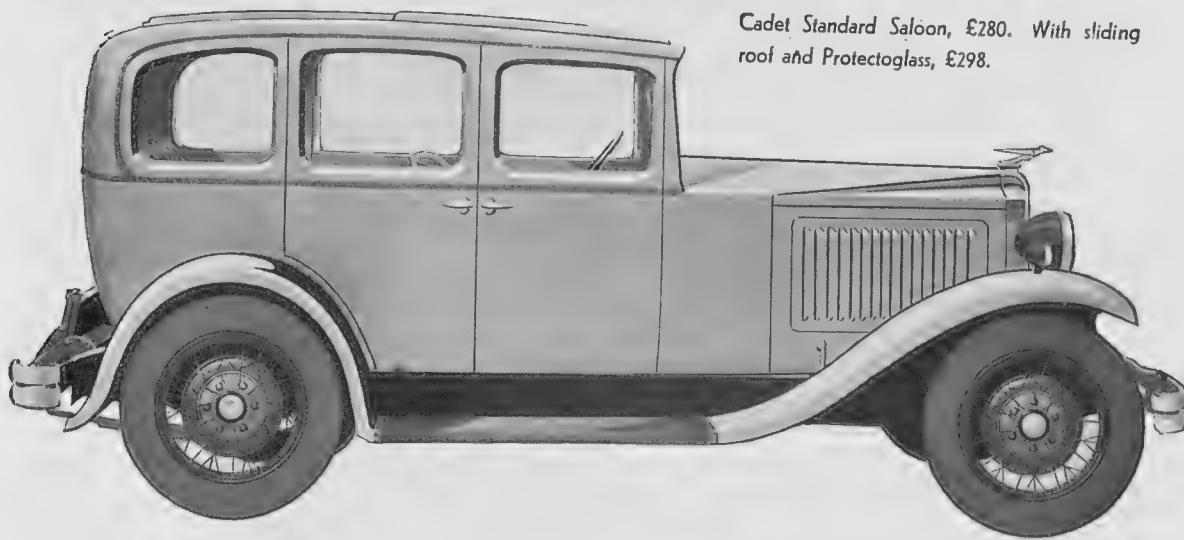
Every day you can read in the newspaper of bandits stealing a car, and the numbers of different cars that are thus reported

(Continued on p. viii)



DAY AND NIGHT SHIFTS NOW
WORKING AT VAUXHALL FACTORY

You can now obtain prompt
delivery of this popular car



Cadet Standard Saloon, £280. With sliding roof and Protectoglass, £298.

At the last Olympia Show the new VAUXHALL CADET was one of the outstanding features, and such a large number of orders was received that purchasers have had to wait a considerable time for delivery. (We take this opportunity of apologising to them for the delay and any inconvenience caused.) Day and night shifts are now being worked at the factory so that production is considerably increased, and prompt delivery can now be made of all Cadet models. Write for a catalogue to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W. 9.

Owners and press are unanimous in praise of this wonderful car . . .

DAILY EXPRESS . . . "One of the most notable of the new cars for 1931."

NEWS CHRONICLE . . . "Its performance, its comfort, its price will command success."

ILLD. SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS . . . "The finest suspension without exception of all medium-sized cars."

GRAPHIC . . . "A tremendous road performance, brakes that are exceptional, and a suspension system that is a revelation. It has a quite amazing performance."

GLASGOW HERALD . . . "One of the chief surprises of the year for motorists."

SCOTSMAN . . . "A car for the owner driver who cannot afford to spend much in maintenance and running costs, but which he can look after himself with ease."

SKETCH . . . "At its price, it is the best value in British cars for its rating."

MOTOR . . . "In its road performance the Cadet provides just those qualities which have so great an appeal to the modern motorist, notably silence, acceleration and comfort."

Vauxhall Cadet Standard Saloon, £280—or with sliding roof and Protectoglass, £298 ;
Two-seater, £295 ; Sports Coupé, £298 ; Four-Light Coupé, £298

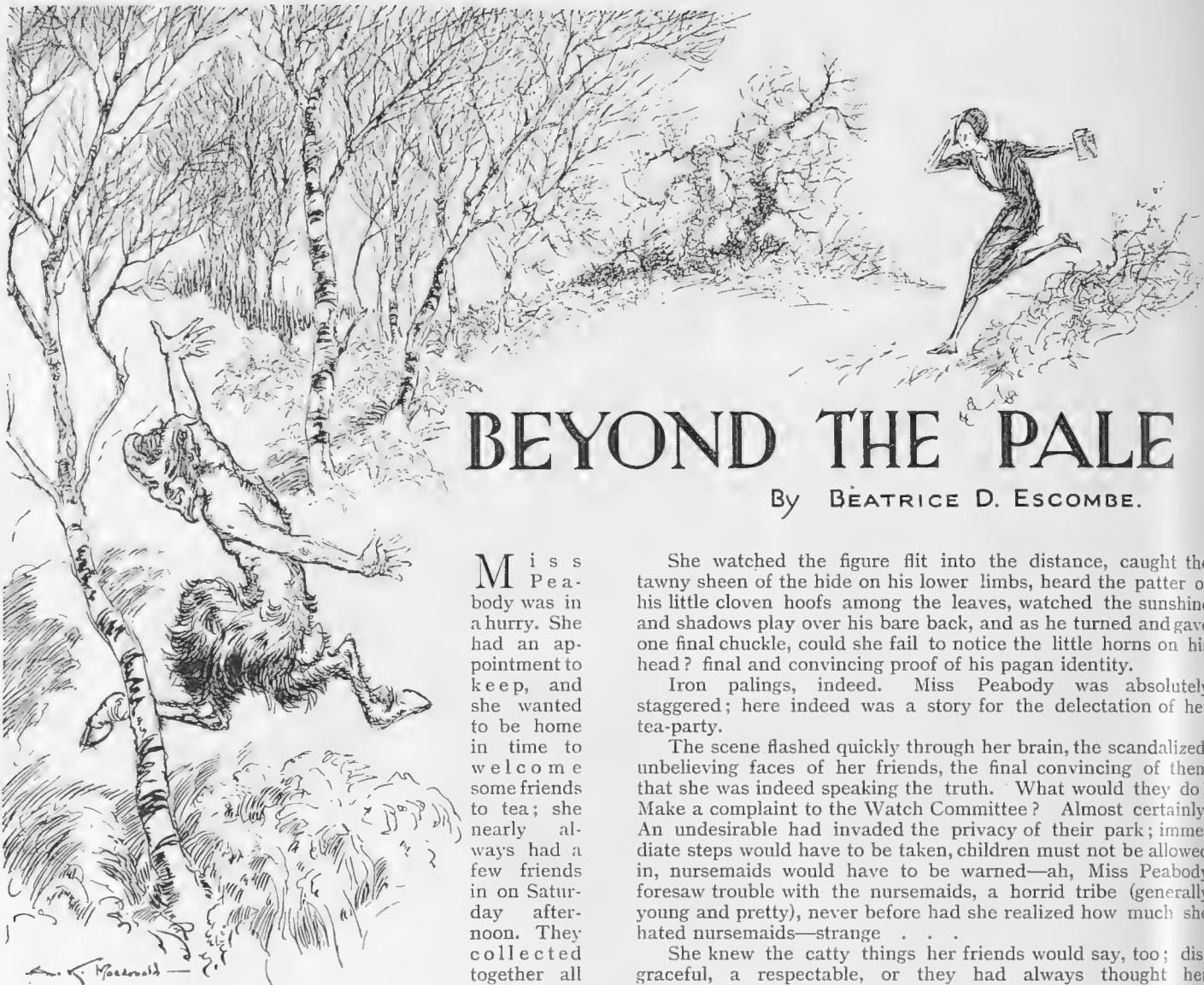
VAUXHALL CADET

£280

17 H.P. 6 CYLINDERS



ON SHOW IN LONDON AT 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.I



"Wait," she gasped, "oh, wait for me!"

leigh gossip, and added them to the genteel repast provided by Miss Peabody.

It was, therefore, particularly annoying that this very day fate should have dealt her such an unkind blow and sent her hurrying along through the damp, spring air with a head that felt like bursting. Miss Peabody was reflecting on this cruelty of fate when she pushed through the little gate which marked the entry of the path into Chudleigh Park; very attractive it looked too, the spinney with the dappled sunlight effects and crisp new leaves just shaking themselves out. Quite a rural scene if it had not been for the spiked iron palings which bordered the park, but Miss Peabody made acid mental comment on the dampness of the ground—things rural had no appeal for her anyway. She was a little, middle-aged spinster, you could see her by the dozen shopping in the High Street, tripping out to tea, enjoying the *cinéma*; neatly dressed in dark felt hat, drab coat and skirt, drab stockings, and thin shoes of the sort which are neither smart nor practical (had she thought of it Miss Peabody would have put her goloshes on). She held her neat leather bag in neatly gloved fingers pressed to her flat pigeon chest, and it needed little imagination to guess that the path her life had taken was just such a one as this on which she walked—neat and gravelled, with spiked iron palings on either side; certainly she had known a real country setting with rich plough, wide pastures, and untrammelled winds, but now she was as happy in her trim suburbia as a canary in its gilt cage.

She had just rounded the bend and started the rather steep ascent of the other side of the spinney when she heard a most curious sound, a hoarse but perfectly distinct chuckle; she turned quickly to locate it, and met the most mocking pair of eyes she had ever seen; black they were, queer and deep and cunning, set in a brown face, a lean face with aquiline nose, curved mocking lips, high cheek-bones, and jutting, pointed chin; the eyes danced, the sunshine danced, and the pain in Miss Peabody's head danced—another chuckle and a flicker of sunlight and the face had gone, vanished behind a tree.

BEYOND THE PALE

By BEATRICE D. ESCOMBE.

Miss Peabody was in a hurry. She had an appointment to keep, and she wanted to be home in time to welcome some friends to tea; she nearly always had a few friends in on Saturday afternoon. They collected together all the crumbs of Chud-

ley gossip, and added them to the genteel repast provided by Miss Peabody.

She watched the figure flit into the distance, caught the tawny sheen of the hide on his lower limbs, heard the patter of his little cloven hoofs among the leaves, watched the sunshine and shadows play over his bare back, and as he turned and gave one final chuckle, could she fail to notice the little horns on his head? final and convincing proof of his pagan identity.

Iron palings, indeed. Miss Peabody was absolutely staggered; here indeed was a story for the delectation of her tea-party.

The scene flashed quickly through her brain, the scandalized, unbelieving faces of her friends, the final convincing of them that she was indeed speaking the truth. What would they do? Make a complaint to the Watch Committee? Almost certainly. An undesirable had invaded the privacy of their park; immediate steps would have to be taken, children must not be allowed in, nursemaids would have to be warned—ah, Miss Peabody foresaw trouble with the nursemaids, a horrid tribe (generally young and pretty), never before had she realized how much she hated nursemaids—strange . . .

She knew the catty things her friends would say, too; disgraceful, a respectable, or they had always thought her respectable, middle-aged lady behaving in such a way; a sordid adventuress they would call her, but she didn't care, for she was following him, yes, following him as fast as she could. She had slipped through a gap in the palings and now she was running across the turf, dodging among the trees, the pain in her head forgotten, and seeming to tread on air. No thought of the damp occurred to her now, she sank up to the ankles in decayed leaves, and was conscious only of acute pleasure and excitement. "Wait," she gasped, "oh, wait for me?" faster she ran, faster and faster, as she saw him gambolling along just ahead of her.

The daffodil light of early spring seemed to be deepening and brightening to something much more intense, halcyon summer had come all in a moment; she was amazed to notice as she hurried on that she could hear the murmurs of myriad birds and small beasts almost with comprehension, all nature seemed to be helping and encouraging her—on, on—the leaves on the ground rustled it, the leaves on the trees sighed it, the little branches and twigs seemed to push her forward, and the light danced in front of her to show her the way, she seemed to have wings, and her age had slipped back to eager youth as she reached forward to touch him, and she must have stared straight into the blinding sun or she would have seen the chasm in time. Over the edge he leaped, jumping from rock to rock, clatter clatter went his hoofs, and his laugh rang out; down she plunged after him, a sheer drop first of all, and then stumbling on as soon as she found her feet, the ground here was rough and stony, and she had suddenly tired, the pain in her head returning with increased force.

It was suddenly winter and the light began to fail, it was no longer easy to see him now, just a tawny glint in the twilight and an occasional reedy voice in the distance were the only guides; elfin it sounded—and then she realized it was not his voice at all but the song of running water—gone away, away, away over the brook away, away, it seemed to tinkle, and she pulled herself together for a final effort to cross the crazy-looking little footbridge but, alas and alas, her strength was spent, she lost her balance, toppled, and fell down—down into the deep,

(Continued on p. iv)

HOORAY!
it's an 'ivory' tip!



So pure and so smooth
 is the 'ivory' tip—
 smooth as the flavour of
 those divine De Reszkes!

D E R E S Z K E

A sample packet of De Reszke Virginias, 'Ivory'-tipped, will be sent free on receipt of visiting-card addressed to J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., 84 Piccadilly, London, W.1. Please mention this paper.

= o f c o u r s e !

EVE By ELEANOR E. HELME AT GOLF

I SAT down the other day to ruminate on the subject of golfing photos. Not in a sentimental or reminiscent mood. I did not turn up old groups to laugh over strange and obsolete garments, nor to sigh, as some golfers do, "Ah, those were the good old days." My quest was purely practical.

Why are the majority of golfing photos so unconvincing? What sort of photo pleases you when you open a book of them, or even glance at a paper? What in particular are the merits—and demerits—of amateur photographs? (This last a very cogent question in view of the oft-expressed wish that amateurs who have really good photos of golfing subjects will submit them for consideration.)

The trouble with so many golfing photos is that they are not photos of golf. We used to be told that the camera cannot lie; but what about the photo of a lady of blameless life who has never left the fairway, knee-deep in bracken, or exploding vast quantities of sand from a bunker? The fact of the matter is that some photographer, who realizes the artistic worth of bracken in conjunction with the charming lady, insists on an artificial alliance, leads her into the depths of it, incites her on to ugly attacks on the harmless necessary sand, and then labels the resultant print "Mrs. Neverdid playing from the rough (or the bunker) at the 18th in the recent meeting of the Straight and Steady L.G.A." Or a row of bright young things arm-in-arm with each other stretches across the print. Do competitors of free choice walk in rows of a dozen arm-in-arm up a fairway, however young and bright they may be? I have never seen them, though I number many b.y.t.'s amongst my friends and acquaintances.



A concentration of American golfers: Sitting—Mrs. C. J. Woerner and Mrs. A. E. D. Trabue; standing—Mrs. E. S. Browne, Mrs. J. Lohman, and Mrs. Dorothy Cambell Hurd. Most of them are members of the Los Angeles Country Club where the National Women's Championship was played



Good-humoured ladies: A re-echo of the Autumn Foursomes. In this group are Lady Hall and Mrs. R. F. Garnham, Miss S. F. Dampney, and Miss K. Kentish making for the first tee at Ranelagh

Even when the photographers come down to hard tacks, photos of mere shots, are the results truthful? I doubt it. Posed finishes, when only the innocent daisy has felt the force of the blow, may be pictures, they are not truth, and even the action photo taken of a veritable shot may, by the fractional part of a second's error in timing, portray the player before or after, but not really at the precise moment which will be given as its title, and which is the moment which earnest seekers after truth would wish to study. That is where the ciné camera scores; it does at least tell its own story and leave onlookers to judge which is the essential attitude, but we cannot all run to cinéas. As additional terrors to famous golfers they are unequalled for alienating friends, and few of us ever see those yards of film so recklessly expended on us by friends in the first flush of possession.

It seems to come down to this, that, though we may sometimes look with real interest and curiosity at a really first-class action photo of a really first-class player, we would, on the whole, rather see our friends (as we would rather they should see us) doing anything except playing a golf shot. We may be discussing a shot, bewailing, rejoicing about a shot; we may be drinking a cup of tea or a cocktail to celebrate it or drown its memory; but actually hitting the ball, no!

Now this is where the amateur photographer comes in—or should come in. The odds are against her possessing a really high-speed lens capable of taking snaps to compete with professional photographers, but that is no reason why she cannot stalk any number of distinguished players at other moments. If her powers of stalking, and so doing the deed unperceived, are limited, she, just because she is an amateur and a pal, can take the bull by the horns, or the player by the beret, and insist on being allowed the picture she wants.

Your pals may pretend to mind: they may make rude jests about using up films to finish the roll; they may even put out their tongue at you. If so, retaliation is easy provided you are prompt. But on the whole they are kind to you; they are

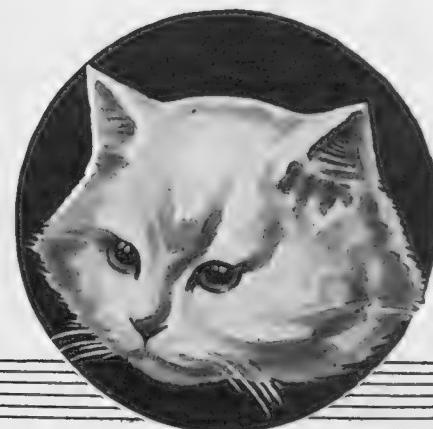
quite liable to smile, and then, if your camera and the light are in kindly co-operation, the result will be something quite pleasing, vastly superior to any posed finish, even if the great one of the game is doing nothing more romantic than preparing to blow her nose. That is the merit of amateur photography; its demerits are mainly technical. A certain woolliness because bright light has been mistaken for strong light; sometimes utter weakness from the absence of any light at all; sometimes bad focusing; often the taking of figures at so long a range that they are unrecognizable. It is easy to spot the errors, less easy to avoid them. But it need not be beyond the power of an amateur photographer. One of our best lady golfers is also one of our best photographers. When the one hobby palls she can turn to the other and she will beat many at both.



Which is the greater thrill? The first delicious tasting of your Chocolat le Chat D'Or as your teeth break the crisp outer coating, or the slow ecstasy as your tongue curls excitedly round the exquisite inner flavouring? As well try to assess the relative value of favourite pipe and favourite tobacco, brightest jewel and brightest setting, famous beauty and gorgeous gown Chocolats le Chat D'Or complement the rarest and richest coatings, with the rarest and richest of chocolate flavourings.

CHOCOLATS LE CHAT D'OR
62 and 63 Burlington Arcade, London, W.1. (Regent 0203)

The Oxford and the Cambridge Assortments both at 5/- per lb. in 1, 2 & 4 lb. boxes. The Eton and Harrow both at 4/- per lb. packed similarly. Obtainable from over 2,000 of the best Confectioners, or sent direct, post paid, on receipt of F.O. Please name your usual confectioner.



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



The sleeved gilet is an accessory that is sure of an enthusiastic welcome. Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, W., have made it of the same material as the skirt, trimming it with buttons

Let's Begin at the Beginning.
THE advance guard of the spring fashions has arrived in London, and intelligent women are giving the greatest consideration to their foundation garments, or corsets as they were called a decade ago. They are not choosing them in a haphazard manner, they are taking care to see that the figure has full play in every movement and yet is kept neat and trim. In the modern corset there are devices to overcome or camouflage every figure difficulty. It has been said that a good corset is like a good schoolmaster, it imposes no hard-and-fast rules of its own but finds out the best points and makes the most of them, keeping a firm, nevertheless gentle restraint over the bad. And then, when the foundation garment is acquired, there comes the pleasure of choosing the new outfit.

Points to be Remembered.

Very becoming are the lines of the coming fashions. There are three distinct skirt lengths. For in and out of town wear from 11 and 12 in. from the ground; for afternoon functions not quite ankle length; while for evening wear the ground is just cleared, hems being even. Hips are emphasized especially for the evenings; subsequently there is a flare, or it may be pleats, in the vicinity of the knees. White, also black, is regarded with favour. The puff sleeve is a revival, and so is the elbow sleeve: they look so smart when accompanied by long gloves and a service coat innocent of sleeves. Woollen fabrics will be more fashionable than ever for daytime wear; their names are legion, there are basket weaves, éponge mixtures, monotone tweeds, diagonals, etc. As far as colours are concerned bright ones will prevail, there are vivid blue-greens, emeralds, cardinal reds, and sulphur yellows. A notable Parisian dressmaker has complete faith in the blending of black and white.

* * *

The Tailored Suit.

Although it is only January 28, Fenwick, 62-63, New Bond Street, W., are in the enviable position of being able to show the newest ideas in fashions. They consider, and with justice, that the most important item in the wardrobe is the tailor-made. In the Chinese Room they specialize in coats and skirts made to order for 10½ guineas. Even when approaching their demise it is a pleasure to wear these suits; on account of the excellence of the cut and tailoring—they never lose their shape. Attention must be drawn to the model illustrated on this page, of which two views are given; the coat and skirt are 10½ guineas. As will be seen the skirt is built to give a slimming effect, with inverted godets which never unite but fall apart. The highwayman influence is noticeable in the coat with its much-to-be-desired flares and pockets; of course the narrow collar is of interest. The scheme is completed with link fastenings at waist and wrists; this is a decidedly new note.



This tailor-made owes its origin to Fenwick. The skirt is arranged with inverted godets, the coat is flared and silhouettes the figure. There are pockets and link fastenings and a neat narrow collar



The influence of the bonnet is noticeable in these cap-bérets. Straw and wool are present in the one on the right, and straw petersham and patent leather share honours in the chef-d'œuvre on the left.

At Fenwick's, 62, New Bond Street, W. (See p. ii)

Elli
Fulton

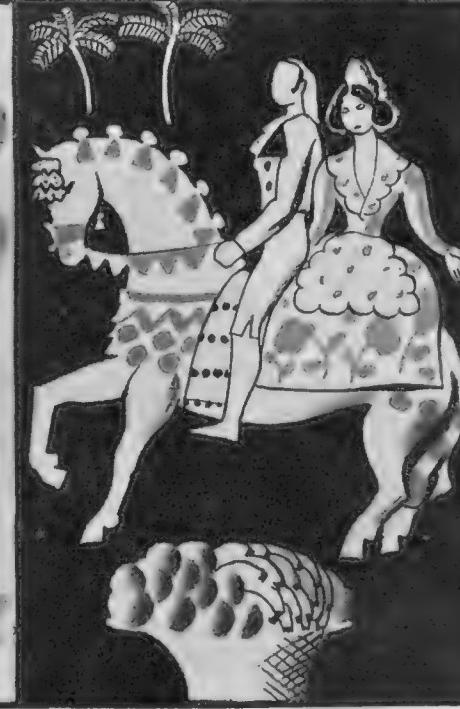
The New "Gilet."
The gilet which is seen in conjunction with the skirt is of paramount importance, the cost is £4 4s., and it is made of the same material as the suit, and is attached to the skirt with buttons. The tricorn hat being of felt is in complete harmony with the ensemble. There are many variations on the coat and skirt theme; again there are the ensembles with long coats and frocks. By the way, in this connection a few words must be said about the long coats for town wear: they are designed for individual customers, and are of a non-committal character. A very important point about them is that they really have a slendering effect, and although the slightly raised waist is present, the line from the shoulders is manipulated so that length is imparted. (Continued on p. ii)



VISIT SUNNY SPAIN, THE COUNTRY OF ROMANCE,

which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen but also those limned on the canvas of the sky. On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive, in parts the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this, there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at Paris, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; New York, 695, Fifth Avenue; Rome, 9, Via Condotti; Munich, 6, Residenzstrasse; Buenos Aires, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; Gibraltar, 63-67, Main Street. At London and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies or any other Travel Agency.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Woven on Mitten Machines.

Every woman likes to vary the aspect of her tailored suit from time to time. In order to do so in a satisfactory manner a visit must be paid to Fenwick's blouse department. The novelty of the moment is a tuck-in blouse woven on a mitten machine. It would be difficult to discover more than two or three of these machines. The fabricating medium is silk (beige or white) covered with round punctures about half the size of a three-penny bit; there are long sleeves and a cowl drapery in front. It is one of those accessories that well-dressed women will yearn to possess. As the cost is 6½ guineas it is sure to remain exclusive. Furthermore, there are silk waistcoats woven to suggest striped piqué for 35s. 6d.; they are double-breasted. As an immense vogue for satin is predicted it is capital news that satin shirts are here to be obtained from 78s. 6d. They are endowed with certain conceits which label them 1931. And directly the spring sunshine appears, what a rush there will be for the very fine white and pastel-shaded linen shirts with turn-over collars, trimmed with tucks and buttons for 21s. 6d.

Alliance of Straw and Wool.

Many are the attempts that are being made to create a vogue for large hats; it will not be until the sun condescends to make himself really felt in England that they will come into their own. All who are following him to South Africa, Colombo, and the West Indies are interested in shady headgear. For travelling and town and country wear no one can fail to be delighted with Fenwick's cap-bérets, two of which are illustrated on page 168. In the *chef-d'œuvre* on the right straw and wool are present, it is 39s. 6d.; there are folds at the sides and a round insertion at the back just like those in the bonnets of olden days. The model on the left is of very fine straw, and incredible as it may seem, patent leather with a modish Petersham band. It costs 49s. 6d. Again, there are honeycomb straw hats with eye-veils; the hair is visible through the straw; they are from 29s. 6d., and other affairs are from a guinea. And as harmony must prevail 'twixt cap and bag there is an infinite variety of these accessories from a guinea.

* * *

The Snobbish Bracelet.

There is a wonderful charm about transparent necklets and bracelets, no matter whether of a jungle pool-green shade or of plain bakelite accented with black or glittering crystals set off with black. Jaeger, 352, Oxford Street, W., are responsible for a bracelet which they have christened "snobbish," as it declines to meet itself. It is formed of two bands of clear bakelite, which on the underside of the wrist do not meet by

three-quarters of an inch, and on the top of the wrist are joined with a shining black bar with ends protruding through slits in the clear bakelite. The vogue for coral is represented by a similar bracelet of silver bands topped with coral bars. A necklace of jungle pool colouring is formed of cylindrical beads of green alternating with black, and centring in a little barrel of translucent green. Another necklace consists of three long strands of beads; on one side of the neck they are of crystal and on the other of glittering black.

Zaramacs of Velvet.

If there is one thing of which one may be sure in this uncertain world it is that it will rain whenever it is most desired that it should not. Therefore all and sundry will be well advised to provide themselves with a Zaramac, as they are absolutely waterproof. They belong to the Zambrene family and are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to this firm, 3b, Cannon Street, E.C., who will send the name and address of the nearest retailer who stocks them. Pictured on this page is a Zaramac made of proofed velvet; it may be plain, corded, or ringed. The collar is convertible and there are useful pockets and belt. In appearance it does not bear any resemblance to the ordinary raincoat: indeed it represents the acme of smartness. By the way, there are satin and crêpe de chine Zaramacs, while the weatherproof Zambrenes are made of gabardine, Saxonia tweeds, and West of Englands.

* * *

A Great White Sale.

All who wish to obtain a resumé of the bargains to be obtained at the Galeries Lafayette's (188, Regent Street, W.) great white sale must write for the catalogue and study it well; subsequently a visit must be paid to the establishment. The prices of household linen have been ruthlessly dealt with; so have the accessories of the toilette. There are schappe silk pyjamas for one guinea, those of artificial satin being 29s. 11d. Stockings range in price from 2s. 3d. to 21s. per pair. Hemstitched handkerchiefs in pure cambric linen with embroidered monogram are 5s. 6d. per dozen. Then there are printed linen ones for 8d. each. Much to be desired are the dressing-gowns in artificial crêpe de chine with feather trimming for 59s. 11d.

* * *

Removal of Unattractive Hair.

No woman likes to possess needless hairs, indeed, every woman has a rooted objection to them, and regards them as blemishes that must be vigorously combated. Therefore, all and sundry will be delighted to hear about Wonderstoene. The preparation is in a small box, and all that it is necessary to do is to rotate the rosy disc over the offending hair and it will erase it as easily as a piece of india-rubber a pencil mark; it leaves the skin beautifully soft and white. Among its many advantages is that it is clean, odourless, sanitary, economical, and always ready to use. For facial use (chin, cheeks, and upper lips) it is 6s. 6d., and the De Luxe for arms and legs, 15s. It is obtainable at all hairdressers, stores, and chemists of prestige; should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, Calmon and Neate, 8, Gerrard Street, W., will send the name and address of the nearest agent together with interesting brochure.



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A body massage afterwards maintains your feeling of well-being. The excellent results are also immediately apparent in your face. Your skin is flushed—your eyes are cleared and brightened. That tired feeling of "puffiness" throughout the whole body disappears. And when you step on the scales you find you are appreciably lighter

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An Anglo-German Wedding.

Mr. Orby Howell Mootham of the Inner Temple, who is the only son of Mr. D. G. Mootham, A.R.I.B.A., and Mrs. Mootham of Binstead, Isle of Wight, is marrying Fräulein Maria Augusta Elizabeth Niemöller of Potsdam, Germany, the only child of the late Herr and Frau Regierungsrat W. Niemöller. Their marriage will take place shortly in this country.

Abroad.

The marriage will take place shortly in Lagos between Mr. E. C. F. Bird, Nigeria Civil Service, and Miss Armarel Dudley-Scott, daughter of the late Mr. John Dudley-Scott of Horsley Priory, Gloucestershire, and of Mrs. R. F. Lush of The Walk, Beccles, Suffolk; on February 10, Mr. George Poingdestre Lefebvre, who is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edwin G. Lefebvre of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, is marrying Miss Eleanor Webb, the younger daughter of the late Dr. Webb and of Mrs. Webb of St. Albans, and the wedding is to be in Rio de Janeiro; and Mr. Donald Kingsford and Miss Vera Charsley Perrott have fixed February 16 for their wedding, which is to take place in Penang.

* * *

Spring Weddings.

Early in March, Mr. G. Glynn Terrell of 35, Ashley Gardens, S.W., the elder son of Mr. George Terrell, is marrying Miss Agnes (Rags) Murray-Smith,



MISS MARGARET JOHNS

Who is to marry Mr. Henry Arthur Bennett of San Fernando, Trinidad, on April 8, at Barbados

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

the second daughter of Mr. Gordon Murray-Smith and the late Mrs. Murray-Smith of 8, Kensington House, Kensington Court; and on April 21 there is the marriage between Mr. John Seymour Eyton of Old Meadows,



MRS. S. MURRAY

A charming photograph showing the bride's Quaker head-dress. Mrs. Murray was formerly Miss Margaret Gillett, and her husband is the son of Professor Murray of Oxford University

Silchester, the elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Philip Eyton, and of Mrs. Eyton, and Miss Isabel Adams, the only daughter of the Rev. H. T. Adams and Mrs. Adams of The Rectory, Silchester.

Recently Engaged.

L



MISS CLEMENCY MARSHALL

Who is engaged to Captain Bevis Lambe, R.A., Staff College, Camberley

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—*cont. from 134*

The rest of the day spent in Woolford Wood catching pneumonia and wishing that the flask had not gone home with that first horse.

Wednesday, Hunt Ball—congratulations to the two Gees and John on staging the very best of parties, not a grumble heard—a record for Warwickshire.

Aspirin under the pillow together with the bitch pack took away all that tired feeling, the latter by running a six-mile-point over that jolly Chesterton country. Sorry Sir Richard lost gallant old War Gratuity. We understand that Northend Dick after his somersaulting did, in the end, accept the proffered loan of the Ettington india-rubber flap-sided saddle.

Friday, a scentless day. We are surprised that the retired soldier with his staff experience should so mis-time the rate of march and arrive at covert side during the long' halt—Master also seemed a little hurt about it.

The tarmac claimed a victim—poor Chris—may her bone soon mend!

From Lincolnshire

Weather and scent have improved, and may it continue to the end. Most of the county packs have been doing better since the frost, and an eighty-mile-an-hour gale has helped to dry both pasture and plough.

The Blankney, hunting from Halfway House on January 17, showed wonderful form. An afternoon fox from Harmston caught it hot for collecting a nice line upwind, the bitches sped on like a flock of gulls until they stopped baying over an earth near Stapleford. They were easily a mile in front, and the field took a line of their own. The River Brant came in the way, and some of the thrusters were seen plumbing its depth. Steeple-chasing for forty minutes, many of course never got to the end.

Turner, the new huntsman, is making a name for himself in the Southwold country. It was certainly a "feather in his cap" to bring off such a topping gallop from Cropper's Gorse on January 15, for, divining the ways of his fox, he kept hounds moving briskly for well over an hour, and did not finish with the varmint until darkness compelled him to stop. The point was eight miles—some said it was ten—and all in Burton country!

From the York and Ainsty

The South dog pack gave us a nice' gallop from Strensall on Thursday (15th), covering eight miles in forty minutes, most of it in the Middleton country; appropriate enough, as one of their most respected

members paid us a visit. The Northerners met at Winsleyhurst on Saturday, and had a long hunt of more than two hours from Clint Wood, whilst the South had quite a fair day, considering the wind, from Knedlington. The new "Beetroot" motor horse-box was used for the first time, and the question now is, what's to become of the disused trailer? We believe the owners fondly contemplate hiring it out to fellow sportsmen, or possibly lending it to some deserving farmer for the conveyance of live stock!

Piers and Company had their best day of the season from Thornville on Monday, January 19, a Kirk Hammerton fox giving them a capital run before crossing the Nidd and being killed on the edge of the Ouse opposite Overton

Tuesday saw us at Oxton, where Geoffrey dispensed hospitality, and we had a nice though circular hunt from Steeton, not without several casualties, of which Percy's, caused by broken girths, was the most blood-curdling.

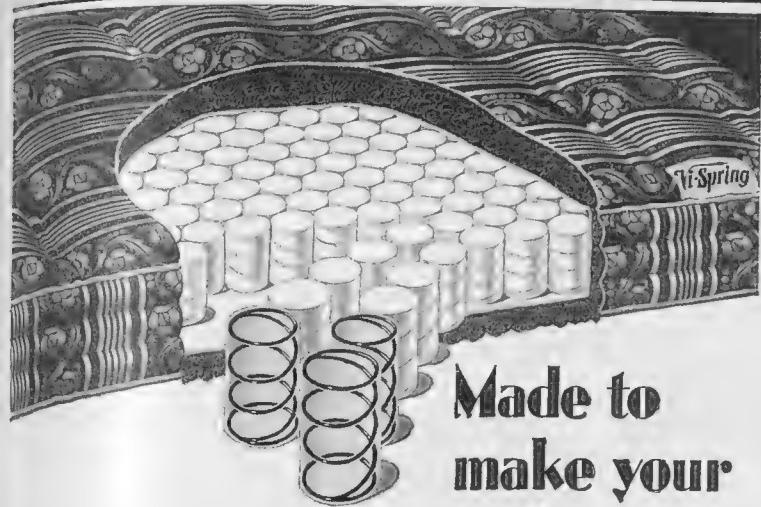
BEYOND THE PALE—*continued from p. 164*

dark depths. "Gone," she moaned, "gone, gone," and the tears streamed down her face.

"That's right," said the soothing voice gently, "it's gone now, it's all over; such a horrible tooth it was but you took the gas splendidly." She gazed tearfully and uncomprehendingly up into his quietly sympathetic black eyes.

Miss Peabody was the recipient of many condolences as she lay on her drawing-room couch sipping tea and entertaining her guests; she seemed really upset they thought, and could contribute no items to their collection of gossip; this was particularly disappointing as they wanted to know all about the new dentist. Rumour had it that he was a young and rather cheerful bachelor, promising material surely, but Miss Peabody was unusually reticent on the subject. Nor did she evince much interest in the fact that the authorities were rumoured to be giving careful consideration to the deputation which had reached them urging that the fox which had lately been seen in the Chudleigh Park spinney should be preserved and left to the local anti-sports cranks. "Let me see," said Mrs. Tattleton, returning to the subject of the dentist, "quite young, isn't he, and dark? I hear he is really quite nice, but a bit hairy about the heels."

Miss Peabody shot out a startled glance, her affirmative nod was accompanied by a shudder.



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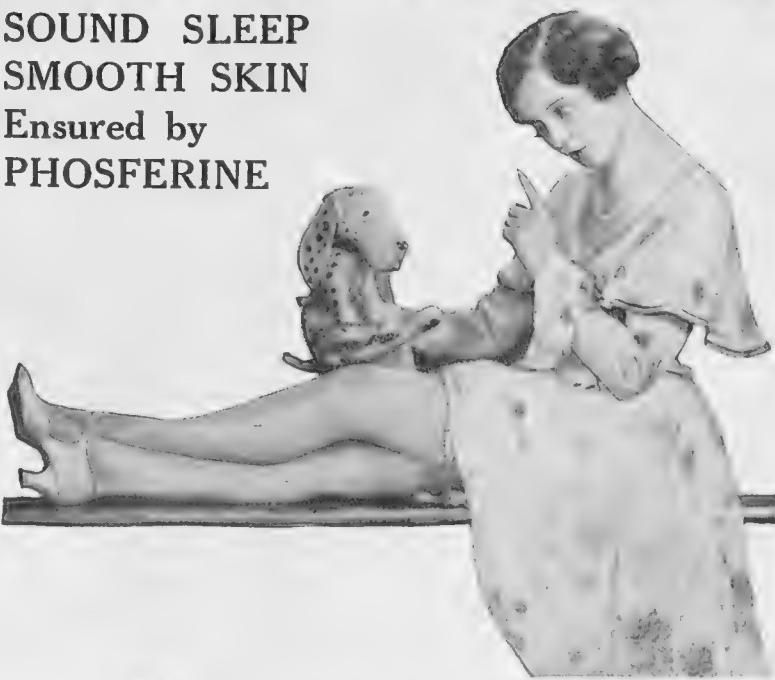
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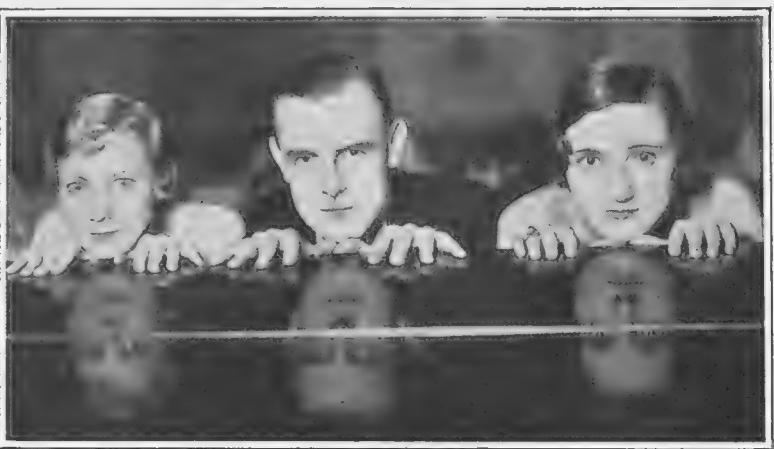
Aldwych

Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your help for Willie who is nine years old and a jolly little fellow. He lives with his mother in Cornwall, where they have a three-roomed cottage, for they are very poor. Willie's father was a clergyman who died four years ago in hospital from injuries sustained in a motor-cycle accident, and left his wife and small son quite penniless. His mother is very delicate, she suffers with heart trouble, but she has been very brave and earns a little as organist to a church near by. She has also obtained one or two grants and a small pension from the poor clergy funds who have helped all they can. So far the boy has had his lessons from his mother, but he has been longing to go to school and now at last he has been elected on to the foundation of an excellent school in the East of England. His education will be free, but there is no money for his outfit and his fares from west to east which will be heavy. We want to collect £15 for his school outfit. Please help us to keep his mother out of debt, and give the boy a good start in life.

* * *

The extent to which the public has placed its trust in building societies is very great. This may be gauged from the fact that the total assets of such institutions in the United Kingdom exceed £312,000,000. The growth of this movement has made necessary the erection of huge offices to cope with the work involved, and one of these recently acquired is National House, 16-18, Moorgate, the new headquarters of the National Building Society. The new building, which is of the more modern City type—strong and substantial—is indicative of the soundness of the society. The story of its eighty-one years' growth and its development from a small group led by Richard Cobden, John Bright, Sir Joshua Walmsley, and other famous men of the nineteenth century, is a story of sound purpose and honest direction. To-day the assets of the society, over 12½ millions sterling, and its 130,000 accounts, illustrate how "from a small acorn a mighty oak has sprung." With such a history, coupled with its recent great expansion and its present satisfactory position, the society can look to a future of continued progress and prosperity.



"JUST WE THREE"

Left to right: Miss Queenie Leonard, Mr. Edward Cooper, and Miss Effie Atherton. Miss Effie Atherton has played in several musical comedies in the West End and understudied Miss Elsie Randolph in "That's a Good Girl" at the London Hippodrome. Miss Queenie Leonard was one of Mr. Cochran's Bright Young Ladies, and Mr. Cooper, the pianist of the party, is very well known in concert circles. This combination has appeared at all the exclusive dance restaurants in Town, including the Café de Paris, and at several popular social functions. They have been engaged by Mr. C. B. Cochran for his new revue at the London Pavilion.

Sasha

A point of hearing this opera.

Several artists new to "His Master's Voice" patrons are introduced in the mid-January issue of records. These additions include glorious singing of Bach by King's College Chapel Choir, Cambridge; Professor Hans Bachem, organist of Cologne Cathedral; Duke Ellington and his orchestra in cheery passages from *Check and Double Check*, a film not yet seen in England; and Elena and Clara Oyuela, delightful singers of Hawaiian melodies, who accompany themselves on the guitar and ukulele. Also a very recent arrival is Niedzielski, who now exquisitely plays Chopin Mazurkas with all the feeling of a Polish genius. A most important contribution to recorded music is Sir Edward Elgar's *Crown of India* suite, played by the London Symphony Orchestra under the conductorship of the composer. This work is arranged from the Imperial Masque which Sir Edward wrote in 1912 to celebrate the visit of the King-Emperor to India. On the second disc is the fifth march of *Pomp and Circumstance*, which, written lately, is proof of our greatest composer's continued vigour to evolve joyous airs. The Berlin State Opera Orchestra give a spirited rendering of Weber's festive overture, *Jubal*. The very champagne of care-free tunes is suggested in selections from the favourite Russian ballet, *La Boutique Fantasque*, played by the Covent Garden Opera Orchestra under Eugene Goossens. "More Melodious Melodies" is the contribution of Jack Hylton and his merry men. This is real home-gladness, and the rippling airs are so deftly blended that it is amusing to guess where one ends and another begins. Special interest attaches to *The Maid of the Mountains* in view of the London revival of this well-established play, and on the other side of the record are tit-bits from *Katja the Dancer*. Gilbert and Sullivan lovers are reminded that "H.M.V." recently published a volume of *Patience*, and each recording of these famous operas gets better and better, but it is hard to believe that *Patience* could be improved upon in any possible way, each record is a joy in itself. Most of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company principals have taken part in the recording, and some of the solos are positively perfect, particularly Miss Bertha Lewis's song opening the second act, "The Coming, Bye and Bye." Dr. Malcolm Sargent's orchestra is truly exquisite. Every Gilbert and Sullivan lover should make a point of hearing this opera.

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Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 162

stolen depends simply upon the number of newspapers "of even date" that you read. This is all very well when it happens to other people, but once (more than two years ago) it occurred to myself, and I remember quite well that (although I was fully insured) I was very annoyed about it . . . and promptly committed my anger to print. Old TATLERS, however, never die, and so I get a letter from a man in Rangoon—no doubt he'd seen the copy in a dentist's waiting-room—asking me if I have found a cure for the trouble; for he, poor chap, has similarly suffered. In ignition locks, gear-lever locks, and so forth I take no large amount of stock. They are all right for the man who can own keys without perpetually losing them. I am not of such men, and I well remember putting myself to extraordinary inconvenience because a certain car defied so effectively my well-considered attempts at burglary. Nor do I believe in the standardized sort of ignition key that will fit any car. Even in Rangoon, it appears, car thieves go about with a pocketful of



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It is certainly not a "baby," but a roomy four-seater car with a six-cylinder engine of ample power. There is no cheapness anywhere, and it is remarkable value at £198. Its design is not freakish, though embodying a number of new and interesting features. In short, the Austin "Twelve Six" is a noteworthy event in car manufacture.

them. But one thing I do place confidence in, and that is a second ignition switch such as can be tucked away behind the instrument-board or in some inconspicuous place. Time, being important to a car thief, he is, as a rule, not going to waste too much of it on a bus that wum-wums for ten minutes before a shot comes from the engine. He only goes for those that he knows will start off right away. And it is to be noted that the modest little tumbler switch costs about a bob, whereas many of the things which purport to do the job so much better (but don't) are much more costly.

* * *

Amende.

In the issue of January 7 exigencies of space caused a would-be jocular statement of mine to appear in altogether too sweeping a form, to wit: "When it comes to really atrocious bad driving no one can compare with the Old Brigade." Not unnaturally Mr. E. M. C. Instone, chairman of the committee of the Circle of Nineteenth Century Motorists, thinks that, as it stands, this remark reflects upon the membership of this excellent organization. Needless to say I had no intention of alluding to them in this connection at all. Indeed, so good is the record of these particular pioneers of the Old Brigade that the insurance companies give them a reduced scale of premiums. And in any case, I would not damn even the majority of old motorists seeing that I am one of them myself. To the admirable "Circle," then, I offer my humble apologies. My shaft was not aimed at it.



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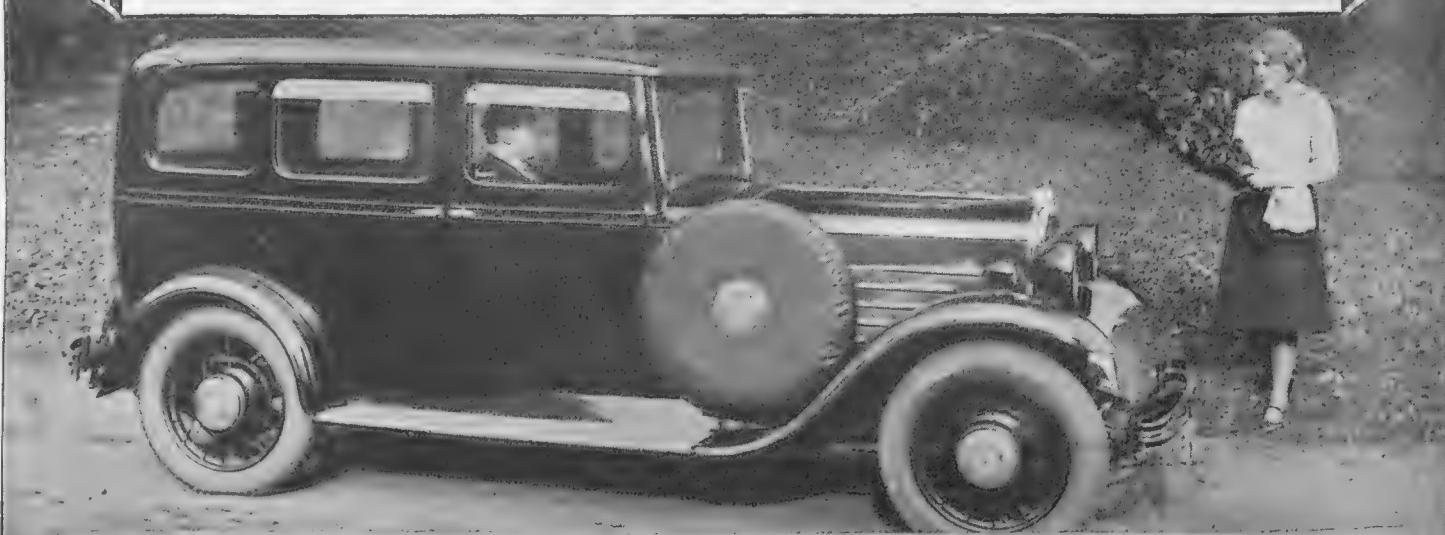
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Field Trial season which has just ended has been a very interesting one. In the first part, at the Pointer and Setters Trials, Mrs. Nagle was supreme; while in both Retriever and Spaniel Trials, Lady Howe's famous kennel has more than maintained its prestige. In the Retriever Championship Stake, Lady Howe was second with Banchory Becky and third with F.T. Ch. Bryngarw Flute, while at the Springer Championship meeting she was first with Banchory Boy. Even more remarkable was the record at the English Springer Spaniel Club Trials, where she was first, equal second, and fourth in the All-Aged Stake, and first in the Novice Stake. Of those winners, four—Banchory Boy, Banchory Light, Blaze, and Mr. Alington's Streak, who divided the second—are out of the incomparable F.T. Ch. Banchory Bright, who thus proves herself as good as a breeder as she was in the field. The Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood has done well with her Labrador Hiwood Chance, while Mrs. Charlesworth has had a good deal of success with her golden retrievers.

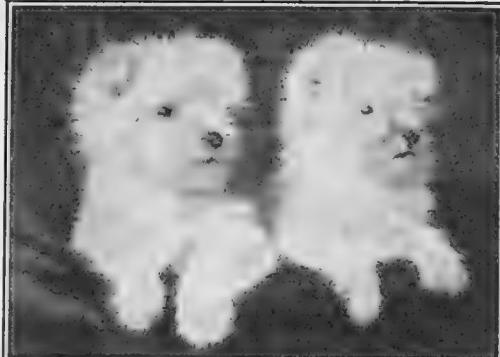


PHIDGITY FRA RHU

The property of Miss Graham Weall

Members are again reminded that the voting papers for the Committee will soon be in their hands, and are requested to make a point of voting.

Fashion ebbs and flows in dogs as in other things. At one time no smart lady was complete without a pug. Then the tide turned, and the pug was rather laughed at as only fit for a companion for old ladies. Again it has turned, and the pug is on the crest of the wave once more. He is a most intelligent smart little dog, far from lethargic, and not above a quiet hunt, also



MALTESE PUPS

The property of Miss Neame

very good bitches for attractive dogs.

his coat is particularly clean and adapted to a house life; it is impossible to think of a pug except in a house. Who could imagine an outdoor kennel of pugs! Miss Graham Weall is faithful to pugs. She did very well last year, and hopes to be at all the leading shows this. She sends a photograph of Phidgity Fra Rhu. She has some nice pups for sale, also a young black dog and a very pretty small silver fawn bitch cheap to a good house.

To the Maltese belongs the distinction of being the oldest breed of dog in the world, well known as a pet to the ladies of Ancient Greece and on steadily down the ages as a dog of high degree. It is curious that more of these charming little dogs are not seen about, as they unite great beauty to extreme intelligence. Their lovely white coats need not "put anyone off" as they are not more difficult to keep in order than any other long-haired dog. Miss Neame has done a great deal for the Maltese and sent hers all over the world. She sends a snapshot of some puppies "very small and promise great things." She also has some

sale, a chance for anyone wishing to take up these



BURPHAM RUSTY

The property of Mrs. Howarth

The Dandie has come into his own again. He is one of the most attractive of the terrier tribe, and it is pleasant to see the large entries at shows and

Mrs. Bruce Low writes she has some Blue Bedlington pups for sale three months old, she says "very strong and healthy and certain winners," prices very moderate, very well-bred, of course.

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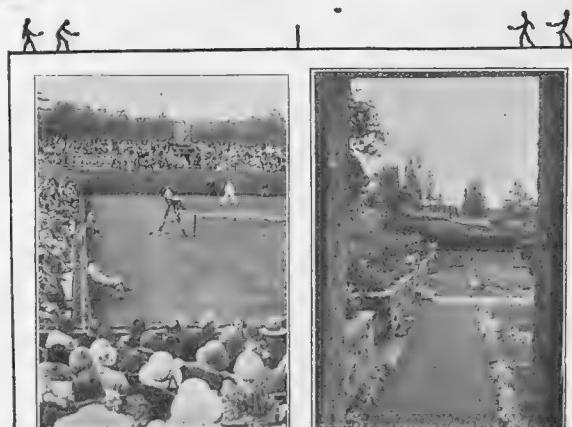
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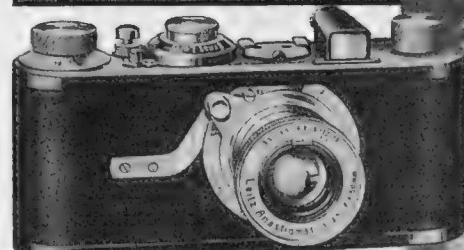
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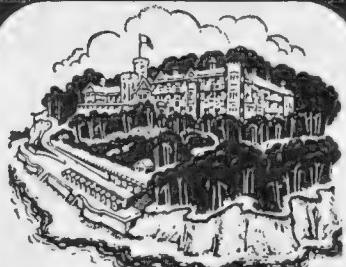
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Round and About Notes

The 2,670 miles North Africa section of the Imperial Airways London-Cape Town air route will be opened for traffic on Thursday, March 5, when an inaugural flight will be made from Cairo to Mwanza, Tanganyika Territory, the machine arriving at Mwanza on Monday, March 9. The route from Cairo to Mwanza will be via Assiut, Luxor, Assouan, Wadi Halfa, Khartoum, Kosti, Malakal, Shambe, Juba, Butiaba, Port Bell, and Kisumu. The service will be operated weekly in each direction. The flight through from London to Mwanza will be accomplished in nine days as compared with twenty-four days by surface transport. A return flight from Mwanza will start on Tuesday, March 10, arriving at Cairo on Saturday, March 14, and reaching London on Wednesday, March 18. The departure from London to establish the first connection at Cairo with this North-Africa section will be on Saturday, February 28. The total distance from London to Mwanza is 5,114 miles. Mails

and freight will be carried through from London to Mwanza, but at first passengers will not be carried south of Khartoum. Prior to the putting in service of the new 39-passenger Handley Page air liners, the European section of the route will be operated by machines of the Armstrong-Siddeley "Argosy" type, while Short "Calcutta" flying-boats will be used on the Mediterranean section.

THE NEW CARS OF THE CHANTARELLA FUNICULAR, NEAR ST. MORITZ

In the background St. Moritz and its Lake

The new cars of the Chantarella funicular, near St. Moritz, in the background St. Moritz and its Lake

The new Sadlers Wells Theatre which was opened early in the new year is provided with fire extinguishers of world-famous type. In suitable positions throughout the building will be placed thirty-four "Konus Kemik" pattern hand fire-extinguishers. A special feature of the "Konus Kemik" is its simplicity of operation. It is merely necessary to turn the extinguisher upside down, when the chemical solutions mix and generate pressure which ejects the contents with great force on to the flames. The order for the extinguishers has been placed with Messrs. Merryweather and Sons of Greenwich, the well-known fire protection specialists, who have supplied similar machines to a large number of other London theatres, and who have recently received contracts for the supply and erection of fire curtains at the Leicester Square, Adelphi, and Shakespeare Memorial Theatres.

* * *

In order that Atlantic passengers approaching Europe from the United States should be able to book seats in air expresses outward bound from London, or charter special aeroplanes for urgent journeys, arrangements have just been completed between Imperial Airways and the White Star Line whereby the purser on the ocean liners of this company will be authorized to act as regular booking agents for Imperial Airways. This will mean that, at the request of any passenger on a liner bound for Europe, the purser will send a wireless message to the London office of Imperial Airways, reserving accommodation for the passenger in an air express leaving on any specified date for some Continental city or along the airway to India, while the same facilities will apply to the airway between England and South Africa, the first stages of which open soon. This new system will also apply when a passenger due to arrive at Cherbourg or Southampton wishes to be met by a special aeroplane at one or the other of these ports. The cost of a special aeroplane from Cherbourg to London for one passenger is £50, for two passengers, £58, or for three, £65, while an air special from Southampton to London costs for one passenger, £11 11s., for two passengers, £13 10s., and for three people, £15. By availing oneself of these new wireless and air facilities the passenger in haste could be in India within ten days of the arrival of his liner at Southampton.

When King Fuad attended the opening of the Nag Hammadi Barrage in December last he was presented by Messrs. Ransomes and Napier, Ltd., of Ipswich, makers of the sluice-gates and operating machinery, with a silver statuette of King Narmer. The statuette illustrated above was modelled by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company from the representation of King Narmer now in the Cairo Museum.

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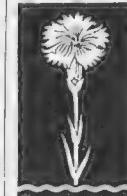
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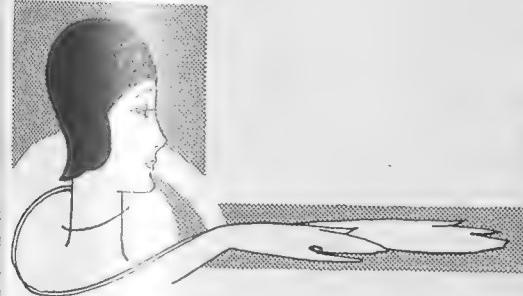
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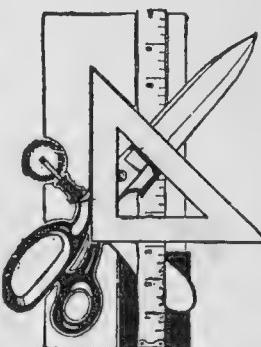


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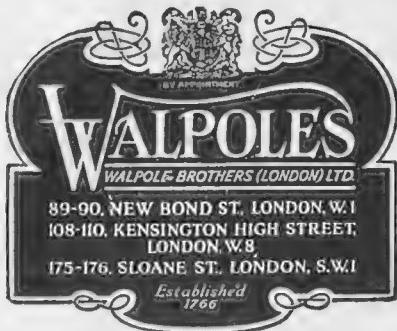


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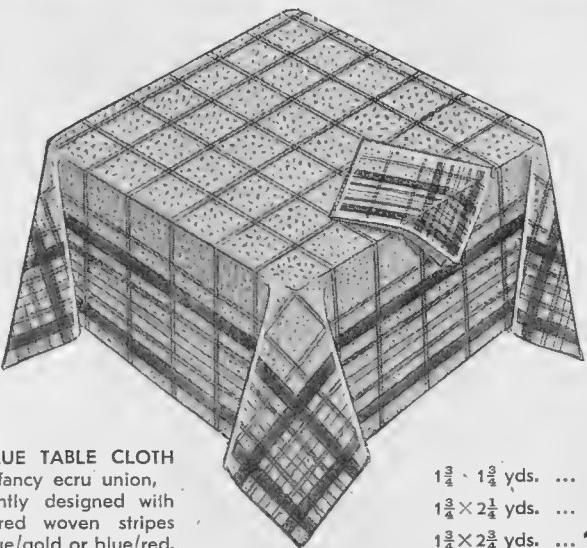
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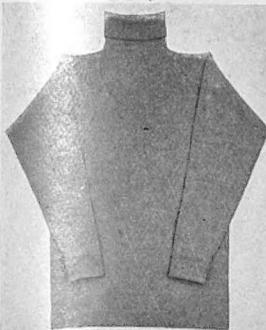
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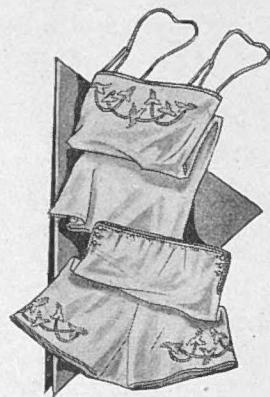
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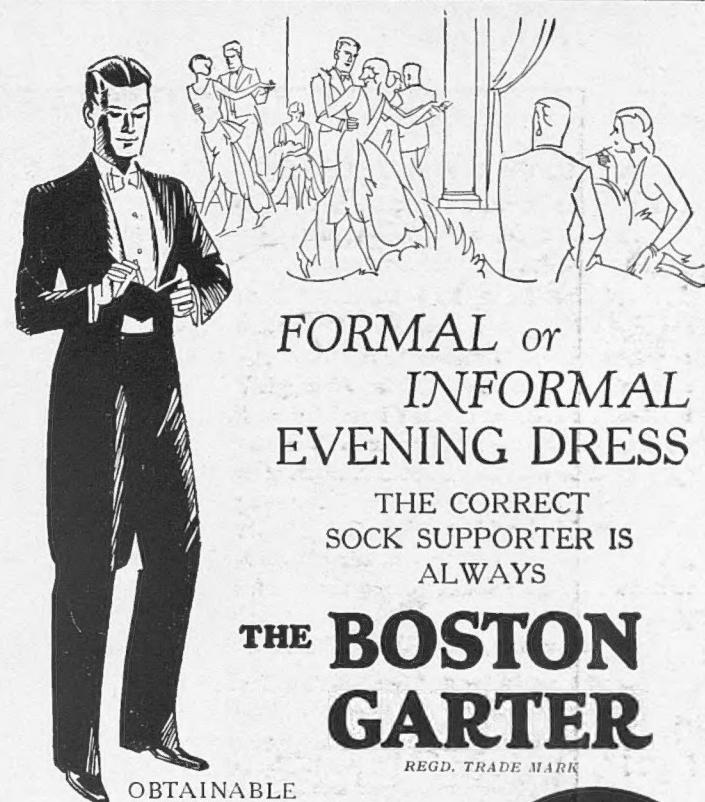
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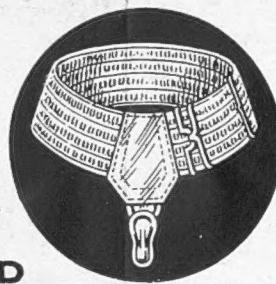
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